

# THE ACADEMY.

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## LITERATURE.

## THE BOOK OF ENOCH.

*The Book of Enoch.* Translated from Prof. Dillmann's Text. Edited, with Introduction, &c., by R. H. Charles. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

"TEXTS AND STUDIES."—Vol. II., No. 3. *Apocrypha Anecdota.* By M. R. James. (Cambridge: University Press.)

The Dean of King's College introduces his curious collection of Apocrypha by some graphic and appropriate remarks on present-day analogues of the apocalyptic writings of the Early Christian Church.

"The Apocryphal books stand in the relation of bye-paths—not always clean or pleasant—to the broad and well-trodden high-roads of orthodox patristic literature. If a future historian wants to realise vividly what were the beliefs of many large classes of ordinary Christians in our time, he will derive great help, I doubt not, from the Sunday stories of the last thirty years, and not less information can be gathered from the Apocryphal books as to the popular beliefs of average Christians in far earlier times" (p. viii.).

Following up an illustration as ingeniously descriptive as it is unimpeachably accurate, we may say that Mr. James has, in combination with Mr. Charles in his new translation of the Book of Enoch, just opened up a bye-path in a form which almost gives it a title to rank as a main road—a road which has just, so to speak, been "mained" by an authority like a County Council. Henceforward, the Book of Enoch may be described for English students as an authoritative treatise, whose illustrative value on the Books of the New Testament is not exceeded by any apocryphal writing that has come down to our time.

Before, however, we turn to Mr. Charles's praiseworthy labour in restoring this Book to its rightful position in this respect, we must cast a passing glance at the other bye-paths which Mr. James has added in his *Anecdota* to the Latin Fragments of the Book of Enoch. Altogether and inclusive of this interesting proof of the existence of a complete Latin version of the Book of Enoch, we have here brought together no less than twelve bye-paths—almost an itinerary, we may say—reverting once more to Mr. James's appropriate similitude.

These anecdotes possess very diverse interests. Not only in their aggregate significance are they remarkable, as indicating the varied literary and multitudinous environment, good, bad and indifferent, out of which the canonical Books of the New Testament, as its maturest fruit, have emerged—so far resembling a neglected

botanic garden, now for the first time Darwinianly explored; but their particular meaning is not less striking, as containing a collection of writings, each of which has a certain affinity, more or less close, to some writing in the varied assortment of New Testament Books—so far resembling a register in which it is possible to trace the remote kinship of friends we have known long and in whose ancestry we take a profound interest. The only cause left for our wonderment, and that undoubtedly is most legitimate, is that the unspeakable importance of this large class of Biblical literature should have been so long neglected. Probably our Biblical scholars were possessed by the fear—cowardly and unworthy as any fear could be—that the value of the New Testament writings would be lessened by the closer investigation of writings so closely akin to themselves, that the canonical writings would become merely *primi inter pares*, ignoring the undoubted fact that all such investigations, so far as they have been fairly and critically set on foot, have hitherto resulted only in enhancing in most essential features the singular and peculiar merits of the books which the critical discrimination of the Early Church ultimately declared to be canonical.

Nor does this conclusion exhaust the value of the lessons derivable from the consideration of the large and still increasing store of New Testament Apocrypha. *Pari passu* with the growth of the centuries, Christianity—regarded from the standpoint of its written records, whether authentic and inspired, or spurious and unworthily human—has been undergoing a process of self-evolution, which has most remarkably confirmed the attribute of canonicity assigned to its selected writings by the Early Church. Thus, the Gospels or historical books, the Pauline and other Epistles, the Apostolic Fathers, the Apocryphal writings, have arranged themselves spontaneously in a kind of scale of greater and lesser importance. They might, I conceive, be co-ordinated either in a kind of perpendicular sequence like the degrees on the face of a thermometer: indeed the *μέτρον* might have some such name as Christometer, being headed by the noblest and most undeniably Christlike of the Master's own words, being followed by others less demonstrably so. Thus, the Christometer might indicate in recording the church history of successive centuries the downward gradation of Christlike, Apostolic, Episcopal, Ecclesiastical, Papal, and Church-councilary, and other grades of demoralisation, of crass ignorance and numbing superstition.

In the past, and regarded as a self-evolution of ecclesiastical history, we arrive at the distinction of canonical and uncanonical Books, and the subdivision of the latter into genuine and apocryphal, or else genuine and spurious books. In my judgment, the strongest arguments for a moderate theory of inspiration, or some equivalent distinction which might claim validity from a rational point of view, is the fact of the final selection of the Four Gospels from out the crowd of spurious gospels, epistles, and apocryphal treatises of every kind. By

what agency was it accomplished? Was it largely personal or individual, or was it the result of different churches or communities? In either case was the ultimate decision altogether unanimous, or only partially so? How long did the process take (1) in each individual instance, (2) in the entire construction of the Four Gospels? What became of the tentative efforts, the partially completed MSS., &c., which necessarily emerged while the canonical work was proceeding? At any rate—and this furnishes some of the many problems on which the Book of Enoch and so many other apocryphal writings are calculated to throw light—we, as a fact, have only the net result:—Four Gospels, *i.e.*, four varying collections pieced together rather roughly, but in deference to a certain chronological order, four arrangements of pieces, narratives, apologues (so-called *λόγια*), personal reminiscences, &c., which at the first were oral, but gradually by mutual assimilation, comparison, &c., assumed a more or less solid and permanent form by being put into writing. These separate writings took the name of Gospels or Evangels, less with the object of indicating authorship than implying doctrinal or narrative tendencies. Possibly, in certain cases, the intention contemplated by the tenor or order of the roughly-strung pieces may have been priority in time, or a traditional tenor or a specific or peculiar direction in literary or other recognised taste.

Hardly any apocryphal writing is more helpful to the student of gospel origins than the Book of Enoch. "Its influence on the New Testament has been greater than that of all the other Apocryphal and pseud-epigraphal books taken together," says Mr. Charles, and few who have gone into the question will be inclined to contest this emphatic testimony. He arranges the evidence for this conclusion under two heads: (1) he adduces a series of passages of the New Testament which either in phraseology or idea directly depend on an illustration of passages in Enoch; (2) doctrines in Enoch which had an undoubted share in moulding the corresponding New Testament doctrines.

He brings forward no less than eight pages of parallel passages in which phrases of Enoch are juxtaposed by texts of the New Testament. Most of these are eschatological in tendency, and are taken from the Epistle to the Hebrews, the General Epistles, and the Apocalypse of St. John. This interesting portion of his invaluable introduction he might, however, have still further utilised. Thus, he might have considered how far those chapters of Enoch which bear most similarity to the Gospels (leaving the eschatological portions out of the question) indicate a later date. For we may regard it as a mark of time in the apocryphal writings, when we find that the didactic or moral aspects of Christianity are continually subordinated to its eschatological elements. Thus, the interval between the Epistles and the Apocalypse on the one side, and the Synoptics on the other, is clearly indicated by the comparatively few passages in which the phrases in the Synoptics occur also in the Book of Enoch.

We may in truth accept this as a mark of synchronism. When the Book of Enoch was being compiled—and that it is a compilation, owing its existence to different men of varying culture and of different times, may now be regarded as a point accepted by some of the ablest critics—the teachings of the New Testament were undergoing that transition from apocalypticism to didactic and moral teaching which indicates the middle to the end of the second century. This tallies also with other evidences on the subject, pointing to the same conclusions. Mr. Charles is occupying more delicate ground when he speaks of and enumerates the doctrines in Enoch which had an undoubted share in moulding the corresponding New Testament doctrines, or are at all events necessary to the comprehension of the latter. Here he lays himself open to the charge of magnifying unduly the importance of his subject, and of assuming a dogmatic tone not altogether warranted by the facts. We may surely concede to him the enormous influence of the Book of Enoch as a formative power in moulding New Testament doctrines, without attempting to make that influence exclusive. Other Apocrypha might be adduced, of not less importance than the Book of Enoch, as helping to shape the eschatology of the New Testament. Indeed, the tendency belongs to an entire literature of which the Book of Enoch forms only a part, though undoubtedly a most important part. Mr. Charles is more successful when he confines himself to showing the illustrative effect of the Book in the New Testament. The following, *e.g.*, is worth notice, though it is too much to say that the "incident to which the passage refers can only be rightly understood from Enoch."

"When the Sadducees said, 'Whose wife shall she be of them, for the seven had her to wife?' they are arguing from the sensuous conception of the Messianic Kingdom, and this was no doubt the popular one." [Weinstein records a traditional solution of this dilemma given by the Rabbis, which was generally received as authoritative—viz., that the wife first married in earth would be the one first wedded in Paradise. Mr. Charles is hardly correct, therefore, when he proceeds:] "That given in Enoch i. xxxvi., according to which its members, including the risen righteous, were to enjoy every good thing of earth and have each a thousand children. The Sadducees thought thereby to place this young prophet on the horns of a dilemma, and oblige him to confess either that there was no resurrection of the dead, or else that polygamy or polyandry would be practised in the coming kingdom. But the dilemma, proves invalid, and the conception of the future life portrayed in our Lord's reply tallies almost exactly in thought and partially in word with that described in Enoch xci.-civ., according to which there is to be a resurrection indeed, but a resurrection of the spirit, and the risen righteous are to rejoice 'as the angels of heaven' (Enoch civ. 4; St. Matt. xxii. 30; St. Mark xii. 25), 'being companions of the heavenly hosts' (Enoch civ. 6)."

I have given this extract at length in order to represent Mr. Charles's method in his admirable introduction, and as an illustration of the utility of the book for English Biblical students. For these, indeed, it may be described as indispensable,

especially if taken in combination (1) with Lipsius's Article "Enoch" in Smith and Wace's *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, and (2) with Schürer's *History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ*, recently translated.

There are, however, a few concluding observations which I should like to submit for the author's consideration. Like other collectors and editors of apocryphal writings, he has failed to realise the diversiform conditions under which these writings came into being, and the many-sided constituent elements which go to their formation. He acknowledges, indeed—though hardly with sufficient emphasis—that the book is a compilation, the aggregate work of different hands and spread over a large area of what might be called the Apocalyptic Christendom of the second century—*i.e.*, the area roughly circumscribed by those Churches—Judaean-Palestinian and Asia Minor—in which eschatological ideas had rooted themselves most profoundly. He is probably right in regarding Palestine as its birthplace, while its main ideas and aspirations are rather Jewish than Gentile. Indeed, there is a notable assimilation in idea between the Book of Enoch and the Apocalypse of St. John. It is the new transcendental and glorified Judaism that forms the crown of the author's hopes and expectations, just as it did that of St. Paul—"Then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him that put all things under Him that God may be All in All."

Of course, if the diversity of authors be conceded, it will help to explain (1) the number, (2) the varying standpoints of the authors. Here again comes in the possibility of different parts of the Book having formed portions of the smaller writings which pertained to different Churches, and were collected by compilers of such writings. The uncertainty of the date, either of any one portion or of the whole of the Book, is another point which lends itself to a varied area of origin both in time and space. For my part, I see no reason why the Book of Enoch might not be accepted as the central document of a large and variously constituted class of apocalyptic literature. It has qualities which might fairly claim for it such a high position, and thus give it a commanding rank among the elucidatory writings which converge round the New Testament. At the same time, too much caution cannot be employed in the use whether of that or of any other Apocryphon. Dogmatism has here, as in most other regions of Scriptural research, exercised its customary benumbing and obscurantist effect. We must come to the study of such books as scholars willing to learn: not, yet awhile, as teachers professing to teach. The horizon of Biblical literature, especially of New Testament literature, is gradually expanding; but the very fact of the expansion of a once dark area, coupled with the fascination and desirability of its complete investigation, renders its claim for more light more imperative. What was once hidden (*apokrypha*) may perhaps be destined to see the light; but the measure and degree of light most usefully demanded may not be that which our wishes and our eagerness

assert to be in our power: it may be only that which our limited powers of vision assert to be possible in our case.

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LADY BLESSINGTON's record of her brief acquaintance with Lord Byron at Genoa in 1823 has long been familiar to students of his strange and complex personality. First brought out by instalments in one of the magazines, it was reprinted in a separate form in 1834, about ten years after the poet's death. It must have found many readers, as the exceptional interest he aroused among his contemporaries had not appreciably decreased in the interval. In one respect, we fear, the work must have been laid down with a feeling of disappointment. It contained but few of the epigrams and sallies with which Byron usually interlarded his talk, and in which "piquancy and wit were more evident than good nature." The writer, as she says in her preface, was much less anxious to make an amusing book than to "avoid wounding the feelings of the living, or casting a shade over the reputation of the dead." Otherwise, however, the narrative was acceptable enough. It consisted in the main of self-revealing conversations on the part of the enigmatical Byron, all being marked by internal evidence of at least substantial accuracy. Invidious critics might hold this to be a breach of confidence; but Lady Blessington could anticipate their censure by pointing out that the Boswell and Piozzi disclosures as to Johnson had not been viewed in such a light, and that her friend and guest had never, even by implication, bound her to secrecy in the matter. And the value of what she wrote was enhanced by an impartiality hardly to be looked for in the circumstances. While attracted to Byron by his genius, his sufferings, and his indisputable social gifts, she had a keen eye for his natural and acquired faults, of which she speaks without reserve. Her attitude towards him throughout is that of a sympathetic but cool-headed and sensible friend. Of late years, as a necessary result of the change in the general feeling in regard to Byron, the book has been lost sight of, except by those who make him a subject of special study. It now re-appears in a handsome form, with several portraits, including a reproduction of Count d'Orsay's sketch, and with a few notes respecting persons incidentally mentioned in the conversations. In these notes, we must add, there are errors into which a well-informed and careful writer could not be expected to fall. The Earl of Dudley is referred to as "Earl Dudley," the literary partner of Francis Beaumont as "Tom" Fletcher, and the committal of Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower as occurring about nine years after its actual date.

Advantage has been taken of the reprint to restore the faded memory of Lady Blessington herself. Prefixed to the con-



versations are two short accounts of her life, one written soon after her death by Miss Power, her sister, and the other by the editor of the present edition, who elects to withhold his name. Nor can she be thought undeserving of such attention. It is true that her literary reputation has become a thing of the past. Nowadays, unlike some of our grandparents, we do not hang with delight over her novels, her verses, or her recollections of France and Italy. But there can be little question that in the social history of the nineteenth century she holds a prominent place. Beautiful, clever, well-read, full of *savoir faire*, and hospitable beyond the limits of her income, she made her home a resort of the best company in London. "Everybody goes to Lady Blessington's," Haydon notes in his Diary. Gore House, with which her name is particularly associated, equalled Holland House itself in the brilliancy of its gatherings, which included women no less than men. Politics, literature, science, art—all had their representatives in her *salon*, without distinction of nationality, one of the number in her later years being the exiled Louis Napoléon, though he seems to have forgotten the circumstance upon his elevation to the Presidency of the Republic in 1848. As a critic of poetry, it is clear, Lady Blessington was above and in advance of her time. For instance, in the midst of the tendency to exalt Byron at the expense of his rivals, she thus writes of the greatest of the whole group:

"I have been reading Shelley's works, in which I have found many beautiful thoughts. This man of genius—for such decidedly he was—has not yet been rendered justice to. . . . He who was all charity has found none in the judgment pronounced on him by his contemporaries; but posterity will be more just."

As to another:

"I have been reading Wordsworth's poems again, and I verily believe for the fiftieth time. They contain a mine of lofty, beautiful, and natural thoughts. I never peruse them without feeling proud that England has such a poet, and without finding a love for the pure and noble increased in my mind."

Her conversation, like some of her writings, was marked now and then by sarcastic wit, but not by a deliberate intention to wound. Unfortunately, scandal had much to say about her after Lord Blessington's death. During her widowhood she made a permanent guest in her house of Count d'Orsay, who was not by many years her junior, and who was married to, but separated from, her step-daughter. On this subject it is only fair that her sister should have a hearing. "His dying mother," Miss Power states,

"had with her latest breath exacted from Lady Blessington a promise never to leave her son, a similar promise having been made to her by Lord Blessington, who loved him with a paternal affection. This mutual engagement was kept to the letter, and the quarter of a century that they remained together only served to strengthen and consolidate the tender regard that subsisted between them. In Comte D'Orsay Lady Blessington found the son that nature had withheld from her, and on him she bestowed that tenderness with which her heart overflowed. His wishes, his interests, were

ever the moving principle of her actions; his friends were hers, and to love or dislike him (and her quick and feminine instinct never failed to teach her where either sentiment existed) was the best claim to her affection or the strongest provocative to her antipathy."

Let this account of the relations between the pair be accepted as correct. Still it is a pity that Lady Blessington, too careless of appearances, should have consented to occupy so equivocal a position. For the scandal we have mentioned she had only herself to blame.

On the whole, the conversations present us with a rather vivid portrait of Byron in private life. Many of his principal characteristics—his changeability of mood, his pride of birth, his self-consciousness, his shallow cynicism, his studied flippancy, his keen perception of the ridiculous, his delight in mere scandal, his affectedly languid air, his small superstitions, his love of mystification, his irritable temper, his impatience of contradiction, his sensitiveness to criticism, his incontinence of speech, his weakness for using French words in preference to English, and, perhaps above all, his real warmth of heart, which at times defied his efforts to conceal it—receive more or less distinct illustration. One impression made upon the mind by the book is that he was a determined but not very successful *poseur*. He cultivated a tone of light and sportive mockery, and Lady Blessington admits that it did not sit gracefully upon him. According to the same authority, he was at a still greater disadvantage in talking sentiment. Lady Byron was always in his thoughts, her name always on his lips. Indeed, he was so prone to bewail his domestic troubles, even to ordinary acquaintances, that Lady Blessington, certainly the most candid of his friends, sent to him a remonstrance in verse upon his want of self-respect.

"And canst thou bare thy breast to vulgar eyes?  
And canst thou show the wounds that rankle there?  
Methought in noble hearts that sorrow lies  
Too deep to suffer coarser minds to share."

He read the lines with an angry flush upon his countenance, but did not fail to profit by the lesson. Music was the only art for which he cared, though he knew nothing of it practically. He often dwelt upon the power of association it possessed, and declared that the notes of a well-known air could transport him to distant scenes and events, presenting objects before him with a vividness that quite banished the present. Perfumes produced the same effect, though less forcibly. Lady Blessington ascribes his attacks upon Shakspeare to his desire to astonish people, being convinced that he had "not only deeply read but deeply felt the beauties he affected to deny." Perhaps he was at his best in speaking of valued friends.

"'You should have known Shelley,' said Byron, 'to feel how much I must regret him. He was the most gentle, the most amiable, the least worldly-minded person I ever met—full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius joined to a simplicity as rare as it is admirable. He had formed to himself a *beau idéal* of all that is fine, high-minded, and noble; and he acted up to this ideal even to the very letter. He had a

most brilliant imagination, but a total want of worldly wisdom. I have seen nothing like him, and never shall again, I am certain.'"

For Scott, too, he had nothing but reverence:

"In talking of Sir Walter's private character, goodness of heart, etcetera, Lord Byron became more animated than I had ever seen him; his colour changed from its general pallid tint to a more lively hue, and his eyes became humid."

The following indicates a modification of opinions which he had expressed some years before:—

"Those who accuse Byron of being an unbeliever are wrong: he is *sceptical*, but not unbelieving; and it appears not unlikely to me that a time may come when his wavering faith in many of the tenets of religion may be as firmly fixed as is now his conviction of the immortality of the soul—a conviction that he declares every fine and noble impulse of his nature renders more decided. He is a sworn foe to Materialism, tracing every defect to which we are subject to the infirmities entailed on us by the prison of clay in which the heavenly spark is confined. *Conscience*, he says, is to him another proof of the Divine Origin of Man, as is also his natural tendency to the love of good. A fine day, a moonlight night, or any other fine object in the phenomena of nature, excites (said Byron) strong feelings of religion in all elevated minds, and an outpouring of the spirit to the Creator, that, call it what we may, is the essence of innate love and gratitude to the Divinity. The belief in the immortality of the soul is the only true panacea for the ills of life."

A conversation which deeply impressed Lady Blessington is thus reported:

"There is something, I am convinced, continued Byron, in the poetical temperament that precludes happiness, not only to the person who has it, but to those connected with him. Do not accuse me of vanity because I say this, as my belief is that the worst poet may share this misfortune in common with the best. The way in which I account for it is, that our *imaginations* being warmer than our *hearts*, and much more given to wander, the latter have not the power to control the former; hence, soon after our passions are gratified imagination again takes wing, and, finding the insufficiency of actual indulgence beyond the moment, abandons itself to all its wayward fancies, and during the abandonment becomes cold and insensible to the demands of affection. This is our misfortune, but not our fault, and dearly do we expiate it; by it we are rendered incapable of sympathy, and cannot lighten, by sharing, the pain we inflict."

One more extract from the volume may be permissible:

"Byron's was a fine nature, spite of all the weeds that may have sprung up in it; and I am convinced that it is the excellence of the poet, or rather let me say the effect of that excellence, that has produced the defects of the man. In proportion to the admiration *one* has excited has been the severity of the censure bestowed on the other, and often most unjustly. The world has burnt incense before the poet, and heaped ashes on the head of the man. This has revolted and driven him out of the pale of social life: his wounded pride has avenged itself by painting his own portrait in the most sombre colours, as if to give a still darker picture than has yet been drawn by his foes, while glorying in forcing even from his foes an admiration as unbounded for his genius

as has been their disapprobation for his character."

In these words, although they are set down in a casual way, we have, I think, a tolerably exact summary of the impression which Byron left upon Lady Blessington's mind.

FREDERICK HAWKINS.

*St. Andrews.* By Andrew Lang. (Longmans.)

MR. LANG has written a very readable book, in which there is a great deal of interesting historical information, much elegant sarcasm, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, only a single quotation from Mr. Louis Stevenson. One is rather sorry to see that Mr. Lang should have felt impelled, like the widow in *Endymion*, to go into very pretty mourning; for he says, "We grow grey, like the 'dear city of youth and dream,' the city of our youth; like her we have seen too many changes and known too many disappointments." But probably this is only Mr. Lang's fun, and to be taken with a grain or two of salt, like this depreciation of his own work—"the drawings of Mr. Hodge suggested the writing of the book."

Although it appears from what Mr. Lang says in his preface that a more elaborate historical work by another hand is in preparation, this substantial volume of some 350 pages will probably meet the wishes and supply the wants of cultured visitors to St. Andrews, who, going thither for something else than golf and ozone, arrive at a conclusion the opposite of Coningsby's, that "the age of ruins is past," and wonder what these numerous ruins mean. Mr. Lang takes, perhaps, too little interest in the St. Andrews of to-day—the St. Andrews which is not only the headquarters of golf, but which may yet be the Oxford of Scotland, and with a Girton of its own too.

"The modern St. Andrews," he says, "is a city of many schools, and in summer is a watering-place. Its antiquities are kept in good repair; its hotels do not invade the picturesque parts of the town, the cathedral end, the beautiful Pends, the old abbey-wall with its ivy-grown towers, the ruins of Kirkheugh and the Castle."

But as an alumnus of St. Andrews, and dedicating his book to "the students of St. Leonard's Hall, 1861-1863," Mr. Lang ought surely to have said or hinted more as to the possibilities of the old but reviving university than simply "The university has received a considerable bequest from an Australian benefactor; additional chairs have been founded, and there is a kind of unholy alliance or amalgamation with Dundee College." But perhaps Mr. Lang is sceptical as to the future of St. Andrews; he dreams of it as but a fishing village again, "when men will hear the tide as they stand on the wave-worn promontory whence the great broken towers shall have fallen."

I think there will be a general agreement among the more discriminating readers of this book, that the most enjoyable portions of it are also those which are the least likely to lead to controversy. No living Scotsman, with the possible exception of Mr. Skelton, could have reproduced so well as Mr. Lang

has done the legend and romance of St. Andrews; but he would probably have pleased the great majority of his Scottish readers better if he had preserved a Hal-lam-sque impartiality when dealing with the leading events of Northern history, in so far as they are associated with St. Andrews: if, in particular, he had not let it be so very clearly understood that he looks upon the Scottish War of Independence and the Reformation as mistakes. He is, of course, quite entitled to his opinions; but why should he have indulged in speculation as to what might have happened if there had been no Bannockburn and no Reformation? Possibly enough Edward I.—that able man who spent his life fighting against the better tendencies of his time, and so accomplished nothing but ambitious failures, and died of a broken heart—would have won the battle of Bannockburn had he commanded there, though even that of course is but conjecture. But is it not morally certain that, after his death, the Scots, irritated by those savage cruelties—themselves among his greatest errors—which would have accompanied his conquest, would have risen; and is it not possible, considering that his successor was such a weakling as Edward II., that they might have risen successfully? But a thousand things might have happened. All we have to go upon are the accomplished facts of history. It serves no good purpose to cry over spilt milk, or even over spilt blood. Above all things, Mr. Lang would have done well to have taken a leaf out of the book of his adored Scott's invincible good nature—or to have re-read Mr. Stevenson's essay on "John Knox and his Relations to Women"—before he set to work upon the Reformer's doings in St. Andrews. Knox had the faults of his time; and of all men who are born conquerors he thought no more of the assassination of Cardinal Beaton than Beaton thought of the killing of George Wishart. Mr. Stevenson's view of Knox is a much broader and humaner one than Mr. Lang's. As for Scotland generally, I suspect it agrees with Mr. Froude that

"Knox's was the voice which taught the peasant of the Lothians that he was a free man, the equal in the sight of God with the proudest peer or prelate that had trampled on his forefathers. He was the one antagonist whom Mary Stuart could not soften nor Maitland deceive; he it was that raised the poor commons of his country into a stern and rugged people, who might be hard, narrow, superstitious, and fanatical; but who nevertheless, were men whom neither king, noble, nor priest could force again to submit to tyranny."

Mr. Lang is quite out of place in a company of revolutionaries; but among antiquaries who can smile at their own foibles and are sceptical enough to distinguish legend from history, he is thoroughly at home. Hence it is that, apart from Bruce and Knox and the Covenanters, his book is certainly the most entertaining and readable that has been written upon a rather well-worn subject. His earliest chapters—"The Beginnings," "The St. Andrews of the Bishops," and

"To the Foundation of the University"—and three others near the middle of the book—"Queen Mary at St. Andrews," "Andrew Melville's St. Andrews," and "Montrose at St. Andrews," have the perfection of good pictures. Many "studies" of the great Montrose have been published—or republished—during the past few years, but none of them gives a sketch of the Scottish Bayard (by the way, he was quite as great an adept at duplicity as Bishop Lambertson, whom Mr. Lang assails on the authority of his enemies) half so lifelike as the one that appears here. St. Andrews, too, in its decay—the St. Andrews of Samuel Johnson; and George Monck Berkeley, Esq., LL.B., F.S.S.A., with his Pepys of a mother; and of Robert Ferguson, "our only modern poet, our harmless Villon, a noisy, lively lad, full of whisky, and melancholy, and religious fears"—is also reproduced very satisfactorily, although, perhaps, in too dark colours. But why should Mr. Lang have left a blank between the St. Andrews of Chalmers and the St. Andrews of Dr. A. K. H. Boyd? The period is full of interest; the late Prof. Aytoun described a portion of it as "Hell." It will be difficult to fill up this blank now.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

*Tennyson: Poet, Philosopher, and Idealist.*  
By J. Cuming Walters. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

It is sometimes difficult to decide whether a book may be judged most justly with reference simply to itself—to the contents between cover and cover, or in the light of the expectations which it holds out: expectations based partly upon the repute of its author, partly upon the programme of which its own title and preface give us promise. It is obvious that a book may be good enough in itself, and yet—where expectation has been high—fall considerably short of the things hoped of it, so that, while we might have been well contented had we expected little, we find ourselves disappointed, having expected much.

Mr. Cuming Walters's study of Tennyson is a case in point. Mr. Walters is well known to the student of Tennyson as one of the most thorough and painstaking writers who have added to the rapidly increasing library of Tennysonian literature; his research into his subject has, we know, been conducted at first hand, intimately, and with insight. To meet his name upon a title-page is to entertain, at the outset, expectations of more than ordinary kind. We look forward to something original in judgment, to new information, to fresh and suggestive thought. But more than this, Mr. Cuming Walters calls his volume *Tennyson: Poet, Philosopher, and Idealist*, and the title itself arouses fresh expectation. Under such a name we naturally expect a study of the work arranged as, or at any rate directed towards, a consideration of the Laureate in each of the three capacities indicated: we look for an estimate of his poetry, first, in its purely technical aspect, then with relation to its philosophy, and lastly, in the light of its idealism: each sphere treated distinctly, and the triad



combined into something like a complete study of his work and varying moods. The view suggested by the title is further accentuated by the preface.

"Each chapter," Mr. Walters says, "is a separate and complete study of some phase of Tennyson's work, and I have particularly endeavoured to deal adequately with his religion, philosophy, and politics. . . I have not deemed it necessary in a work of this kind to repeat for the thousandth time the 'small talk' of which great men are so often the victims; and I must ask pardon in advance of those readers who do not find in these pages a full and true account of Tennyson's sayings and doings in private life. Nearly every poem he published is referred to, and every important public act of his life is chronicled, while I have not hesitated in some half-dozen cases to repeat a story which illustrates his methods and his character. By giving as many specimens of Tennyson's poetry as would be allowable, I have hoped to re-kindle old enthusiasms and arouse new admirers. But those who desire to read about the tobacco he smoked, the hats he wore, and the beer or wine he drank at dinner, must turn to those volumes where such unconsidered trifles are held to be worthy of chronicling."

Here, then, is Mr. Walters's own programme, on which we may fairly found our expectations. A study of the work, not altogether apart from the life, but eschewing personality; a study treating in separate chapters separate aspects of the poetry; a systematic, full-orbed analysis of poet, philosopher, and idealist—this, with no little pleasure, is the book which we anticipate. Now, the book which Mr. Walters has, as a matter of fact, produced is before us; and it is not altogether the book which he has described. He has given what is probably the longest, what is certainly, in the judgment of the present writer, the most acute and critical, estimate of Tennyson's poetry hitherto collected within the limits of a single volume: a very full and thoughtful tribute to a genius of whom much, but not, perhaps, too much, has already been written. But he has, nevertheless, given us a book which falls between two stools. There were three different classes of books, I think, which Mr. Walters might have essayed. He might have produced a biography pure and simple; or a study of the work, considered with no reference to chronology, but simply in the light of its own achievement; or a biography and study of the work combined, tracing the poet's progress from strength to strength, or (as some critics would have us believe) from strength to weakness. But Mr. Walters has written none of these books.

His work opens like a biography. The events of the early years are recorded with almost all the detail possible to the outside narrator; but few of the familiar stories of the Lincolnshire and Cambridge life are omitted. This Mr. Walters confesses in his preface.

"Believing as I do," he says, "in the far-reaching and permanent effects of early environment, I have recounted with some detail the events of Tennyson's youth; but in succeeding chapters I have only casually caught up the main threads of his personal history."

So far as the early environment is concerned, Mr. Walters is undoubtedly correct.

It is probably impossible to estimate Tennyson's poetry aright without direct reference to those "first affections, those shadowy recollections" which exercised so strong an influence over all his later work. But to begin, as he has done, with all the circumstance of full biography, and then to drop the method, and to start anew with entirely fresh groupings and classifications, is to give his work a piecemeal appearance, which leaves the reader with the impression that Mr. Walters is never quite at one with himself in an appreciation of the kind of book he has started to make. Time after time anecdotes are introduced into incongruous contexts, not with the result of elucidating or illustrating the text, but merely, it would seem, for the sake of lightening and relieving the criticism. Nor are these anecdotes chosen, as Mr. Walters hints in his preface, with a view to that scrupulous avoidance of personality upon which he congratulates himself. "Those who desire to read about the tobacco he smoked, the hats he wore, the beer or wine he drank at dinner," he says, "must turn to other volumes." Why, then, does Mr. Walters expressly relate, within the pages of his own impersonal study, almost every one of the familiar tales bearing upon these very characteristics? Upon p. 57 he writes:

"The poet has been somewhat irreverently described as a 'Fleet Streeter,' and a 'Bohemian of Bohemians,' noted for 'the poetic emphasis of his dress and the Parnassian width of his hat-brim.' He was even known at that little (and now not very choice) tavern where the memory of Dr. Johnson is treasured, the 'Cheshire Cheese,' at which place the poet could be seen with a huge meerschaum filled with the strongest and most pungent of tobaccos."

And then (p. 58) he quotes from Mr. Wemyss Reid's *Life of Lord Houghton* a letter of Spedding's:

"Yesterday I dined with Alfred Tennyson at the 'Cock Tavern,' Temple Bar. We had two chops, one pickle, two cheeses, one pint of stout, one pint of port, and three cigars. When we had finished, I had to take his regrets to the Kembles; he could not go because he had the influenza."

Again, on p. 162, Tennyson is about to read "Guinevere" to Bayard Taylor:

"But the first thing he did was to produce a magnum of wonderful sherry, thirty years old, which had been sent him by a poetic wine-dealer. Such wine I never tasted. 'It was meant to be drunk by Cleopatra or Catherine of Russia,' said Tennyson. We had two glasses a piece, when he said: 'To-night you shall help me drink one of the few bottles of my Waterloo—1815.' The bottle was brought, and after another glass all round, Tennyson took up the *Idylls of the King*."

And yet once more, at page 171:—

"Lord Tennyson is fond now of a glass of sound port. Upon one occasion he pressed Mr. Irving to take a glass of the precious liquid. Mr. Irving did as he was desired, but not being a port-drinker, sipped it very slowly. Before he had finished it, the decanter, from which the bard had been automatically replenishing his goblet, was empty. Lord Tennyson bade the butler bring a fresh supply, and, turning to his guest, said drily: 'Do you always drink a bottle of port, Mr. Irving, after dinner?'"

Now, all these things were, we are assured, assiduously omitted from Mr. Walters's manuscript. How, then, do they still stand here in type?

The fact is that Mr. Walters has not sufficiently kept before himself the aim with which he started writing. He knows so much about Tennyson, that he has found it impossible to keep out of his copy the dozen little anecdotes which are so characteristic of the poet that they could not but slip from under the critic's pen; and so he has committed the singular freak of himself condemning things that he has included in his own volume. Nor has he, I think, "realised his poster" in separate studies of the poetry, philosophy, and idealism of the Laureate. His survey of the work, always acute, often original, is sometimes chronological, sometimes not: it takes the form rather of an easy ramble through the work, with occasional divergence into side channels; it lacks the system which the title seems to promise. All these things are not necessarily faults; by-way criticism has an hundred attractions denied to the more rigid, analytical, methodical labour of the colder student. But they are not the things which we expect after reading Mr. Walters's preface, and—since he is himself so emphatic there—it has been impossible to review his book without reference to his own manifesto. The arrangement of the book is neither novel nor systematic, and novelty and system were the signposts displayed at the entrance.

But, as I said at the beginning, it is also possible, and perhaps not unjust, to consider a book with reference merely to its contents, setting aside all consideration of expectations; and, if one had read Mr. Walters's book without glancing at the title or the preface, one would have missed most of the disappointment which one must feel with those things in memory. I have already said that it seems to me the most acute criticism of Tennyson's work yet attempted. This remark needs amplification. Mr. Walters is a sincere admirer of his poet; but affection does not, as it is apt to do, dull the edge of his judgment. It may, perhaps, seem to the less eager questioner that his condemnation is sometimes too full of protest. It was unnecessary, I think, to speak quite so severely of "The Skipping Rope" and of "The How and Why." Those were errors in judgment, no doubt; why not, then, pass them by more kindly? Even Tennyson nods. Nor does Mr. Walters, to the present writer's taste, show sufficient appreciation of the dramas—"Queen Mary" and "The Falcon" especially; while one cannot but suspect him of an effort after originality in the kind things he says of "The Promise of May," the piece of all Tennyson's attempts the worst constructed from a dramatic point of view. But critics will probably never be at one in their estimate of the dramas.

On the other hand, Mr. Walters's criticism of "The Princess" is, I think, the most just and luminous estimate of that poem ever printed. His comments (page 64) upon the importance to the narrative of the story of Psyche's babe are singularly new and suggestive; and if, as indeed he hints, they had the approbation of the Laureate him-

self, they throw a valuable light upon the purpose of what is generally regarded as an unfortunately purposeless poem. It is refreshing, too, to read his vigorous, wholesome vindication of "Maud," a poem which he treats throughout with peculiar felicity. "Enoch Arden" he praises too highly for some tastes; "The Idylls of the King" he steers over too rapidly, perhaps; but then much has been written of this poem, and Mr. Littledale's full and scholarly study renders other treatment of the work difficult. The chapter upon the originality of Tennyson might surely have been omitted. The accumulation of parallelism was rendered wearisome, once and for all, by the publication of Mr. Churton Collins's elaborate piece of lost labour: any attempt to add to the evidence is a veritable scattering of dust upon the summit of Ossa. This sort of thing can be done interminably—but to what purpose? It always reads like an effort on the part of the compiler to prove his own wide reading and research; and Mr. Walters needed no such appendix to his full and thoughtful volume.

His book is not what we expected: it is not, perhaps, exactly what he himself designed; and, because the writer started with an aim higher than he could reach, it will possibly beget disappointment. But it is rich in the critical faculty critically employed, and is, in many respects, no unworthy tablet to the memory of a puissant and immortal genius.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*A Gentleman of France.* By Stanley J. Weyman. In 3 vols. (Longmans.)

*Markham Howard.* By J. Heale. In 3 vols. (Fisher Unwin.)

*A Heroine in Homespun.* By Frederic Breton. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

*For Good or Evil.* By Gilberta M. F. Lyon. In 2 vols. (Gay & Bird.)

*A Bundle of Life.* By John Oliver Hobbes. (Fisher Unwin.)

*Appassionata. A Musician's Story.* By Elsa D'Esterre Keeling. (Heinemann.)

*Blizzard, and Another Phantasy.* By Thomas Pinkerton. (Sonnenschein.)

*A Question of Penmanship.* By L. B. Walford. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

*A Waif from the Waves.* By W. J. Knox-Little. (Chapman & Hall.)

On the first page of *A Gentleman of France*, one feels that this hero and this style are well worthy of attention; but as the stirring scenes succeed one another, and the character of this brave, modest, single-minded gentleman and true hero unfolds itself, one realises that a genuine addition has been made to the roll of creations in fiction. The Sieur de Marsac, in his own way, is unapproachable. His adventures, which are told by himself, are concerned with all the chief personages in France, at that troubled time when Henry of Valois was declining, and Navarre and Turenne were hatching plots. But they are told with a naïve simplicity and modesty which enhance his achieve-

ments, and show him to be infinitely superior to the great people on whom he looks as far above him. The story opens at a point where his fortunes are so reduced, that he possesses only a few gold pieces and his good horse, the Cid, which he grooms himself. Into such straits has he fallen, that he has to arrange his little remaining furniture about his open door, in such a way as not to suggest the nakedness of the land. Mlle. de la Vire possesses information as to the secret designs of her kinsman, Turenne, which it is of the first importance to Navarre to know and make use of without drawing suspicion upon himself. At this low ebb in his fortunes Gaston de Bonne, Sieur de Marsac, is charged by Navarre to capture the young lady, and carry her off to Henry of Valois at Blois. He welcomes the delicate task; and thenceforth through dangers, difficulties, sorrows, cruel rebuffs, and apparently insuperable barriers, he perseveres in the course before him, heeding nothing but the duty he has undertaken, yet contriving to capture several hearts on his way—the reader's among them. The book is of the best kind of historical novel. The history flows round and melts into the personal adventures of the hero, with so much actuality that fact and fiction become one, and are equally life-like and impressive.

The opening of Mr. Heale's story recalls Dickens's studies of child-life. It is the story of a nameless boy, who has to make name and fame for himself. Music is his gift, and with the noble strength of the artistic temperament he has some of its weaknesses. There is much careful and faithful work in the book, though the manner of it is a little solemn, except when "Old P."—a good bit of original character-drawing—is on the scene, or when the world in general, or the Almighty in particular, is apostrophised. Mr. Heale does not shrink from plain speaking on matters about which it is fitting not to mince language; the drift of the book, however, gives one the impression of a different code for men and women. Among some excellent side-sketches, which have less rather than more bearing on the main plot, is the Socialist gathering at Mrs. Bonnington's, where the company are arrayed in anything from Norfolk jackets, knickerbockers, and red neckties without collars, to ordinary evening dress.

Mr. Frederic Breton's "crofter chronicle"—*A Heroine in Homespun*—does not concern itself with the grievances we Southrons have learnt to connect with the peasant Highlanders. It is a love story perhaps before everything else, with a heroine of the picturesque name of Séonaid, one of whose lovers is the Dreamer of Dreams, and another a strong healthy sailor, Alick Campbell by name; while the atmosphere is supposed to be thick with other hovering but undistinguished swains. There is a real Hebridean flavour about the book—in its people, their curious beliefs, and their manners of speech and conduct. Alick is a crude type of Scottish sternness; and in direct contrast with him is John Bowie, the Dreamer, who, with his gift of beautiful speech, his alternating fits of strength and weakness, and his absolute belief in the

supernatural, better realises a Southerner's notion of the inhabitants of the Western Isles. The incidents turn round about this same Séonaid, a good and beautiful maiden, who behaves as such a maiden should in her adventures and troubles, and who will make an excellent wife to the man who wins her. In a Scottish novel scenery is a necessary element, and here the descriptions of scenery are good. Perhaps the final catastrophe, where the sun rises over the firds as the Atlantic rolls in on its deadly course, is the finest thing in the book.

Let it be said that there is a great simplicity and singleness of purpose about *For Good or Evil*. Miss Lyon does not allow a single irrelevant word to escape her; not so much as a side glance is there at any thoughts or ideas which the fates of her characters might suggest. Straight on those characters fare, with their more or less interesting histories, and their by no means so interesting conversations. They are all well-born people, and supposed to be well-bred, with the exception of Lord Lynmouth, the villain, to whose vices the authoress adds rank vulgarity—whether consciously or unconsciously, one cannot say. Pansy Bruce, the heroine, is intended to be a sweet good woman, and in fact is so. Some of the situations are good, and the characterisation is fairly successful. Indeed, Zelia so impresses her changeableness upon one, as to suggest a doubt whether the halcyon period reached at the end of the book will last far into her married life.

The brilliant short story which John Oliver Hobbes contributed to one of the summer numbers serves as prelude to the scrappy little comedy which occupies the last two-thirds of her book, *A Bundle of Life*. Teresa, the daughter of the weak and feminine Lady Warcop, lives to be over thirty, and comes into a love affair. There is rather a mixture of love affairs, as hers overlaps several other people's. As usual, the plot is not the strong point; a string of piquant situations is the truest description of the method of construction which John Oliver Hobbes employs. The real value of her work lies in the sharp, sudden, and brilliant, though extravagant, characterisations, like priceless flecks of colour, which are the essence of comedy. Her people all stand out in a few telling sentences, and say their several says and do their deeds (for which one is, of course, utterly unprepared) in a way that would be fatal to a work of higher aim, but which is exquisite and unspoiled comedy.

Throughout *Appassionata* there is a real foreign atmosphere—so real that Miss Olive, the only English person in the book, seems a foreigner, and the reader looks at her unconsciously from a Finnish, a French, a Russian, any but an English point of view. The first half of the story is charming—language, scenes, characters, all. Later on, the cause of the Count Denissow's estrangement from his wife seems a little inadequate, and personages are introduced to the reader on what might be considered insufficient grounds; but the writer's touch is everywhere light, true, and effective. If anything it is too light, and there is sometimes



hardly enough said; a little more help to the reader in the imagining of a scene or a motive would have been serviceable. Music has not so much to do with the story as the title-page leads one to expect. It is only a detail that the estrangement between husband and wife turns upon music; and it was love of freedom rather than of music that made Selma keep her devoted lover waiting so many years before she would marry him.

*Blizzard* is a capital sketch of the effect of involuntary dog-keeping on a mild and unoffending curate. The dog, *Blizzard*, was a poacher's accomplice before he fell into the curate's hands, and by slow degrees he makes an ardent poacher of the curate himself. That development was no doubt aided by the vicar's act in dismissing the curate, after an enthusiastic sermon on dogs; for the proceeds of the dog's maraudings helped to keep the poor man's wife and children. The awkward situations are very amusing; and the curate owns that *Blizzard*, in his short but eventful career, turned him from a poor creature into a man. The other "fantasy" is a sordid, unrelieved story of a heartless girl and a calculating money-lender, who between them ruin the lives of men. It is undeniably clever, but as undeniably unpleasant, since the characters who are so graphically described are with one exception repulsive.

The short story which gives its name to Mrs. Walford's volume occurs in the middle of the book, and is perhaps the most insignificant in the collection. The peculiar gift Mrs. Walford showed in *The Baby's Grandmother*—the gift for perceiving and describing the enormous importance of trifles—is again noticeable in this latest of her productions. A letter sticks in a letter-box; a girl is, for economical reasons, not taken on a pleasure trip; people happen not to meet for a little while; a boy's holiday is put off—nobody else might see, as Mrs. Walford does, the possibilities in these things. But life, after all, is made up for most of us of nothing more striking; and whose life is insignificant to its only familiar reader—himself? One of the cleverest and shortest of these sketches is "A Meeting," in which Lady Magnolia Grandiflora, driving with her daughter, meets the Dean of St. Octave's for the second time in her life. The first time had been thirty years before. Lady Magnolia admits to her daughter that in those old days she had been a coquette, but not a flirt, and adds a definition: "The men go after coquettes; flirts go after the men."

One must admit with Canon Knox-Little that his *A Waif from the Waves* is "a trifling tale." He says that he hopes by it to bring home to humanity the sense and reality of another world; but this is not to be done by presenting us with very so-so ghosts, and enlarging at the same time on the Catholic faith. Charming as his other characters tell us his heroine and hero are, and abounding with goodness as the whole book is, the story will only achieve its purpose with those readers who are convinced already. Canon Knox-Little is perhaps a born orator and mover of the hearts of men, but story-teller he is not.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

# SOME BOOKS ON MODERN GREECE.

*Two Roving Englishwomen in Greece.* By Isabel J. Armstrong. (Sampson Low.) This lively and amusing book contains the narrative of a five weeks' tour in Greece, which the authoress made in the company of a friend, Miss Edith Payne. The amusing element in it is caused in no slight degree, it must be confessed, by the travellers' ignorance of the Greek language, their inexperience of the manners and customs of the people, and their determination to shift for themselves in their expeditions into the interior of the country. These conditions, it may well be believed, were highly favourable to the development of mistakes, complications, and *désagrémens* of various kinds, the description of which is not necessarily interesting. But these ladies possessed a large fund of good humour, a warm appreciation of the country and its inhabitants, and a strong sense of fun; and the incidents of their rough life, which they courted in order to gain fresh experiences, are communicated to the reader with much spirit and *naïveté*. The descriptions of scenery also are graphic; and the observations on the antiquities, if they contain nothing absolutely new, have the advantage of being recorded by a lady's pen. What male archaeologist, when viewing the drums of the columns of one side of the temple of Zeus at Olympia, which lie in line as they fell after a shock of earthquake, would have remarked that "they look as if they only wanted a giant darning needle run through them to thread them all up into position again"? Landing at Patras, the travellers visited Olympia, and from that place made a three days' expedition to the Temple of Apollo at Bassae and back; after which they took the train to Athens, and inspected the ruins at Tiryns and Mycenae. Their intention had been to join an excursion party to the Greek Islands, for which a steamer had been chartered; but for this they arrived too late—a fortunate accident, as it happened, for this circumstance turned their thoughts towards Thessaly, and their visit to that province proved to be by far the most interesting part of their tour. Proceeding by steamer to Volo, and by rail to Larissa, they made that city their starting-point for visits—first to the Vale of Tempe, and afterwards to the Monasteries of Meteora. The former of those places, with its combination of grand and beautiful scenery, which admirably corresponds to its classical associations, is very gracefully described. The expedition to the latter was a much more arduous affair, and we may say with confidence that these ladies are the first of their sex from Western Europe who have set foot in those monasteries. These abodes are situated on a number of columnar masses of rock, which rise at the north-western extremity of the plain of Thessaly, and are well compared by Miss Armstrong to storks' nests on chimneys, or the turban which caps the headstone of a Turkish tomb. The sides of these rocks are perpendicular; and the buildings by which they are surmounted are reached either by means of a long rope, by which the visitor is drawn up in a net, or by a series of ladders attached to the face of the cliffs. The ladies had set their heart on ascending to the highest of these monasteries, Hagia Trias (Holy Trinity); but when they arrived at its foot, they found that the rope was too rotten to be used, and nothing remained but to ascend by the ladders. This they achieved; and considering that the height is between two and three hundred feet, and that the mode of transit is primitive of its kind, they deserve the credit of very great pluck for doing so. The two chapters which relate to this excursion are the best in the book, and are very brightly written. Indeed, Miss Armstrong's style is pleasant throughout; but, if she publishes anything in the future, we would suggest to her a little more restraint in the use of language. More than one of her

picturesque descriptions is marred by the terrible word "sploodge"; "humans" is hardly a literary equivalent for "human beings"; "absquatulate" is a doubtfully classical term; and, whatever may be the faults of the scenery of the Riviera, it is unkind to speak of the hardness of its sky and sea and land as "villainous."

*Addresses and Recollections* (Διαλέξεις καὶ Ἀναμνήσεις, Athens, 1893) is the title of a collection of miscellaneous essays and papers, twenty-three in number, by the well-known Modern Greek author, M. Bikélas, who, we are glad to learn, has just received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of St. Andrews. The subjects with which they deal may be roughly classified as educational and literary, biographical and descriptive. Under the first of these heads may be specially mentioned those on "Books and the Habit of Reading," on "Modern Greek Literature," and on "Education." The last-named subject is dealt with from the most comprehensive point of view, and contains, among other things, some sensible remarks on the attention which is devoted to athletic sports in English education, and the influence which they exercise in the formation of character. The biographical essays contain notices of Settembrini, of Koumoundouros, the Greek statesman, and of several of the men of letters in Western Europe who have contributed to the study of later and modern Greek—Emile Egger, Wilhelm Wagner, and the Marquis de Queux de Saint-Hilaire. There is also an account of E. A. Freeman's visit to America in 1882, and of his utterances on the subject of Greece and the Greeks on that occasion; and a translation of a very interesting diary kept in Greece in the years 1833-35 by Gustave d'Eichthal, who was one of the chief founders of the *Association pour l'encouragement des Etudes grecques en France*. In the descriptive portion the most interesting study is the author's narrative of a tour in Devon and Cornwall in 1865, which he originally published in the form of letters in the *Pandora* of Athens. The heart of a west country man cannot fail to be stirred when he reads an account in excellent Greek of the coasts and combs and moorland of his favourite counties—of Tavistock and Bude and Clovelly and Lynton with its Valley of Rocks (ἡ Κοιλὰς τῶν Βράχων). The culminating point of this romantic region, which is described throughout with much poetic feeling, is, in the author's opinion, the valley and residence of Glenthorne, near Lynmouth; and, as M. Bikélas is fond of illustrating his delineations of places by comparing them to scenes in Greece, it may interest him to know that the first owner of that abode, who was an old traveller in Greece, used to glory in the resemblance between the Bristol Channel, as seen from his windows, and the Bay of Salamis. The tour concluded with a pilgrimage to the Church of Landulph, near Saltash on the Tamar, where lies interred the reputed last scion of the Palaeologi of Constantinople. The spot is full of suggestive associations for a patriotic Greek; but we wish we could feel confident that the connexion of the said Palaeologus with the imperial family of that name is beyond suspicion. All these contributions are characterised by the taste and judgment with which those who are acquainted with M. Bikélas' writings are familiar. In his Introduction he discusses the question of the styles of prose writing in Greek at the present day, and advocates a *via media* between the attempts of the extreme regenerators of the modern Greek language to assimilate it to ancient Greek, and the views of those, like M. Psichari, who would reduce the written language, as far as may be, to the level of the spoken tongue.

AN interesting paper has recently been published by M. Renieri in the *Δελτίον* of the Historical and Ethnographical Society of Greece, on the visit of Metrophanes Critopolus, the disciple of Cyril Lucar, to England and Germany in the time of James I. (Μητροφάνης Κριτόπουλος καὶ οἱ ἐν Ἀγγλίᾳ καὶ Γερμανίᾳ φίλοι αὐτοῦ). Before his elevation to the patriarchal throne of Constantinople, Cyril found that the Greek Christians in that place were greatly exposed to the machinations of Jesuit missionaries from Rome. As none of his own countrymen possessed an adequate knowledge of theological questions to cope with them, he determined to send an intelligent ecclesiastic to England for instruction; and his choice fell on Metrophanes, who appears at that time to have been twenty-eight years of age. He arrived in England in 1617, and Archbishop Abbott, to whom he brought an introduction from Cyril, arranged that he should reside at Oxford, where he was entered at Balliol (κατετάχθη εἰς τὸ Φροντιστήριον τὸ γυναικὸν ἐπὶ τὸ ὄνομα Balliol College). There he remained five years; and subsequently he passed into Germany, where he made a lengthened residence, and finally returned to Constantinople in 1630. In 1636 he was appointed Patriarch of Alexandria. After his death, a Confession of Faith of the Greek Church, of which he was the author, was printed at Helmstadt, in Greek and Latin, in 1661. Additional information, beyond what was already known concerning him, was furnished by M. Demetrapoulos, who in 1870 published a correspondence between Metrophanes and German literary men of his time, which he found in the public library at Hamburg; and in 1884 M. Mazarakis contributed other details, which he obtained from the library of the Patriarchate at Alexandria. The new facts which M. Renieri supplies are derived from the *φιλωθήκη* or autograph-book of Metrophanes, which still exists at Athens. This interesting album (λεβέκωμα) contains the signatures of his chief friends in England and Germany, which are accompanied by apposite quotations, and expressions of respect and goodwill. Many of these are published by M. Renieri; and among the names of his Oxford well-wishers we find those of Prideaux, the rector of Exeter College, of Briggs the mathematician, of Bainbridge the astronomer, and of Burton, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. The consentient testimony which these bear to his high character and acquirements is of value, as furnishing a reply to the subsequent imputations of Archbishop Abbott. The causes of the change of feeling of that prelate towards him are somewhat obscure, though it seems principally to have arisen from Metrophanes having recommended some of his English friends for promotion to the king, with whom he had a parting interview. Anyhow, Abbott wrote several letters of a defamatory character concerning his former protégé to Sir Thomas Rowe, the British ambassador to the Porte, the contents of which he desired to be communicated to Cyril Lucar, who was then Patriarch of Constantinople; but they had not the effect of diminishing Cyril's confidence in Metrophanes. The text of these letters has been published by Neale in the fourth volume of his *Eastern Church*, and a Greek translation of them is given by M. Renieri at the end of his paper. It is curious to remark how both Prideaux in England and Calixtus in Germany, in order to express their sympathy with a member of the Greek Church, append to their names the quotation, Gal. 3, 28, οὐκ ἐν ἰουδαίῳ οὐδὲ ἑλληνίᾳ, πάντες γὰρ ὁμοίαι εἰς ἐστέ ἐν Χριστῷ Ἰησοῦ. At the present day we should regard this as rather an equivocal compliment to an Orthodox Christian, but it does not seem to have appeared so to the men of that time.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

PROF. SKEAT has finished his edition of the Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, for the Clarendon Press, who will publish it, under the title of "The Oxford Chaucer," in six volumes, at short intervals during the present year. It consists, in the first place, of an entirely new text, based upon the best MSS. and the earliest printed editions. The spelling of every word has received attention, with the aim of following generally the highly phonetic system employed by the scribe of the Ellesmere MS. of the Canterbury Tales. In the second place, of an elaborate commentary, explaining every difficulty, and (in particular) pointing out the poet's indebtedness to Boccaccio, Statius, Ovid, Boethius, &c. Thirdly, of a glossary and indexes, of such exceptional fulness as to fill a volume by themselves. While spurious works, once attributed to Chaucer, have been carefully excluded, the reader will here find the whole genuine works of the author, including "A Complaint to his Lady" and a "Balade to Rosemounde." Volume I., to be issued immediately, contains a general introduction, a Life of Chaucer, a list of his works, the *Romaunt of the Rose* (with the original French text printed for comparison), and the *Minor Poems*. It is illustrated with a facsimile of the portrait in the Harleian MS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. announce a volume entitled *Christus Imperator!* or, the Universal Empire of Christianity in the Light of Evolution. It consists of a series of sermons delivered at Liverpool from the pulpit of the new Dean of Ely. Among the preachers were: Dean Kitchin, Canon Fremantle, Canon Barnett, the Revs. J. Llewellyn Davies, Brooke Lambert, R. E. Bartlett, and H. D. Rawnsley.

UNDER the title of *A Policy of Free Exchange*, Mr. John Murray will shortly publish a collection of essays by various writers on the economical and social aspects of free exchange and kindred subjects. It is edited by Mr. Thomas Mackay, editor of a similar volume entitled "A Plea for Liberty," who himself writes on the interest of the working classes in free exchange. Among the other contributions are: "State Socialism and the Collapse in Australia," by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue; "The State in Relation to Railways," by Mr. W. M. Acworth; "The Principle of Progression in Taxation," by Mr. Bernard Mallet; and "The Coming Industrial Struggle," by Mr. W. Maitland.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN will publish immediately an English translation, by Lady Mary Loyd, of the *Vicomte Robert du Pontavice de Heussey's Life of Villiers de L'Isle Adam*; and a commentary on Ibsen's Works, by Prof. Boyeson. But Prof. Herford's translation of *Brand* is delayed slightly, in order to enable Messrs. Scribner to publish it simultaneously in America.

MESSRS. ELKIN MATHEWS & JOHN LANE will publish next week a volume of verse by Mr. Grant Allen, modestly entitled *The Lower Slopes*, with a title-page designed by Mr. J. Illingworth Kay. We believe that most of the poems were written a good while ago.

MESSRS. H. S. NICHOLS & Co., of Soho-square, will have ready for issue in the course of this month an *édition de luxe* of Sir Richard Burton's mystical poem, "The Kasidah," with copious annotations.

AMONG the new volumes of verse which Mr. Elliot Stock will shortly publish, may be mentioned: *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours*, by Mr. Eugene Lee Hamilton; and *Lyra Sacra*, by Mary E. Kendrew.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish in the course of the present month a book on big

game shooting in the Congo Free State, with numerous illustrations.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN announces for publication early in February two volumes of short stories: *Our Manifold Lives*, by the author of "The Heavenly Twins," and *The King of Schnorrers: Grotesques and Fantasies*, by Mr. Zangwill.

A NEW novel by Mr. Gilbert Sheldon, entitled *The Standishs of High Acre*, will be published shortly by Messrs. Cassell & Co., in two volumes.

MESSRS. BLISS, SANDS & FOSTER will publish next week a new novel by Esmé Stuart, entitled *Inscrutable*.

MR. STANDISH O'GRADY'S new story, *Lost on Du Corrig*; or, 'Twixt Earth and Ocean, will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. in a few days.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS will publish shortly a popular edition of Mr. Alexander Allardye's Indian novel, *The City of Sunshine*, which first established the reputation of the author of "Balmoral" and "Earls Court."

WE are asked to state that "Iota," the author of a recent novel called *A Yellow Aster*, desires to remain anonymous, though there is no objection to its being known that she is a woman.

A CHEAP edition of the Rev. Dr. A. G. Blaikie's *Better Days for Working People* will be issued very shortly by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

THE readers of "Safe Studies" and "Stones of Stumbling" may be glad to hear that the February number of the *Journal of Education* contains a long paper by the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache, entitled "Renan and Renanism."

A MEMORIAL promoted by the Manchester Literary Club was recently sent to Mr. Gladstone, suggesting a recognition of the services to literature rendered by Mr. Alexander Ireland during the last forty years. The Lord Mayor of Manchester, who was the first signatory of the memorial, has received a letter from Mr. Gladstone approving the memorial and its object, and awarding to Mr. Ireland the sum of £200 from a special fund devoted to services of this nature.

THE third series of lectures given by the Sunday Lecture Society begins on Sunday, February 4, in St. George's Hall, Langham-place, at 4 p.m., when Mrs. Proctor-Smyth will lecture on "The Lick Observatory." Lectures will be subsequently given by Prof. Vivian B. Lewes, Messrs. G. Wotherspoon, R. W. Atkinson, Henry Somerville, and Sir Robert Ball.

THE annual meeting of the Harleian Society was held on Friday, January 26, when there was a large attendance of members. Mr. Granville Leveson-Gower, presided. The annual report and balance sheet were adopted. The society is now publishing Hunter's *Familiae Minorum Gentium*, a valuable collection of pedigrees, under the editorship of Mr. J. W. Clay. A discussion took place on the subject of the future custody and preservation of parish registers, when it was unanimously resolved:

"That in the opinion of the Harleian Society it is most desirable that transcripts be made of all the parish registers in the country, and that the district or parish councils be required to make the same under rules and regulations to be approved by the Government."

MESSRS. BLADES, EAST & BLADES have sent us a little pamphlet, entitled *How to Correct Printers' Proofs*. Even those who do not need the information given will value it, because it



contains facsimiles of press corrections in the handwriting of the late William Blades. One rule we may quote for the benefit of some of our own contributors:

"When an accented letter is required [this applies also to Greek breathings], the accent alone should not be marked, but the non-accented letter should be struck out, and the accented letter written in the margin."

#### UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE delegates of the common university fund at Oxford have appointed Mr. Arthur Sidgwick to be reader in Greek, in succession to Mr. Bywater, now regius professor. Mr. Sidgwick enjoys the highest reputation as an editor of school books, as a writer of Greek verse, as a college tutor, and as an ardent supporter of all educational movements.

DR. LATHAM has resigned the Downing professorship of medicine at Cambridge, which he has held since 1874, having previously acted as deputy-professor.

IN Convocation at Oxford, next Tuesday, it will be proposed to confer the honorary degree of M.A. upon Major F. J. Eveleigh, who has just vacated the adjutancy of the University Volunteers.

MR. J. R. GREEN, of Trinity College, has been approved by the general board of studies at Cambridge for the degree of Doctor in Science.

PROF. BEVAN (Lord Almoner's professor of Arabic) and Mr. E. G. Browne (lecturer in Persian) have been appointed to represent the University of Cambridge at the International Congress of Orientalists to be held at Geneva in September.

THE Taylorian Lecture at Oxford, postponed from last term, will be delivered by M. Stephane Mallarmé on February 28. His subject is "Les Lettres et la Musique." The lecture will be delivered in English, but repeated in French on the following day.

THE accounts of the common university fund are published in the *Oxford University Gazette*. Apparently, it is intended to reduce the annual contributions from colleges from £4362 to £3000. Of the expenditure, by far the larger portion is devoted to the stipends of readers and lecturers. During the present year, it is proposed to grant £300 towards the purchase of casts at Athens, in addition to £58 for classical archaeology, and an annual grant of £150 for the maintenance of the collection of casts.

WHILE Cambridge has an Association of Brass Collectors, Oxford possesses a Philatelic Society, of which Dr. Murray has been president for the last three years. Another prominent member is Prof. Napier, who recently read a paper upon "The Stamps, Cards, and Envelopes used for messenger purposes at some of the Colleges at Oxford."

MR. LE GALLIENNE's poems were the subject of a paper read last week before a society at Worcester College, Oxford, which takes its name from De Quincey.

THE hon. secretaries of the Jowett Memorial Fund have published a second list of subscriptions, from which it appears that the total amount already received amount to nearly £8500. Very few subscriptions are specially appropriated to the personal memorials.

MR. T. J. LAWRENCE, of Downing, has addressed an open letter to the resident members of the senate at Cambridge, proposing that the twenty-first anniversary of the University Extension movement should be commemorated by an international congress, to be held at Cambridge in the summer of the

present year. He further urges the desirability of establishing a system of post-graduate studies.

DR. JAMES BONAR has published in pamphlet form (Macmillans) a lecture which he delivered last June, at Essex Hall, to the United Philosophical Societies of University Extension students in West London. The subject is a discussion of the question, raised by Hume, whether such intellectual qualities as prudence, penetration, discernment, discretion, are to be included among the moral virtues.

#### ORIGINAL VERSE.

##### SWAN SONG.

"Tell my brothers  
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,  
Best gift is they can give or I can take."  
Webster's "Duchess of Malf."

Pass gently, life!  
As one that takes farewell of a dear friend:  
For ne'er till now were thou and I at strife,  
Nor shall the sequel lend  
The rich succession of thy smile and tear,  
The conquering pride of love that tramples fear  
And vaunts itself a rapture without end!  
But mine is weariness thou canst not mend.  
Come, kindly death!  
Surely of all life's bounties thou art best;  
To whose forgetful palace entereth  
No thought that may molest,  
No hope and no regret, but ever, there,  
Passes the waft of charmed oblivious air  
O'er silent multitudes thy wand hath blessed:  
Angel! I wait thy coming—bring me rest!

R. WARWICK BOND.

#### OBITUARY.

##### ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY.

MISS PEABODY died at Jamaica Plain, Boston, on January 3, in the ninetieth year of her age. From the time she was sixteen she was engaged in teaching, and her interest in the work of education lasted throughout her life. Her first pupils were her sisters, one of whom, Sophia, became the wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne. For a time she was literary assistant to Dr. Channing, of whom she published some *Recollections* in 1880. In 1834 she was Mr. Bronson Alcott's assistant in his "Temple School," a great experiment in education, made famous by her invaluable *Record*, published in the following year. When she was eighteen years of age she first met Emerson, taking lessons in Greek from him. He was only one year older; and she has related how exceedingly shy both teacher and pupil were, so that they did not get into even "a chatting acquaintance," but sat opposite each other at the study table not daring to lift their eyes from their books. When the course of lessons was concluded, Emerson refused to receive any payment, on the ground that he had found he could teach her nothing. However, on this occasion the discovery of a mutual enthusiasm for Edward Everett broke their reserve, and they were ever to work together in many public movements. Among the New England Transcendentalists Miss Peabody, although not by any means the most prominent, was one of the most untiring and efficient workers. She was deeply interested in the Brook Farm experiment. When the *Dial* was languishing for want of subscribers, she made a strenuous effort to save it, and did, in fact, prolong its life, by taking the publication of it, and the general business management, into her own hands, without fee or charge of any kind. She contributed to its pages several valuable papers on Fourierism and other social ideals. In 1849 she edited a volume of *Aesthetic Papers*, which included essays by Emerson, Hawthorne,

and Thoreau. It was intended to be the first of a series; but as only fifty persons subscribed for it, it had no successor. Besides the works already named, Miss Peabody wrote several books on education. Her final volume appeared in 1887, a collection entitled *Last Evening with Alston and Other Essays*. Her life was one of disinterested helpfulness. Mrs. Hawthorne wrote of her: she "was to my childhood and first consciousness the synonym of goodness," a sentiment which, assuredly, might be truly echoed by many others.

WALTER LEWIN.

#### MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE January number of *Mind* contains a vigorous article by Prof. Seth on "Hegelianism and its Critics." It is in the main a reply to Prof. Jones's two articles in the same journal, in which Prof. Seth was singled out for attack. The study of Hegelianism is said to sharpen the dialectical powers, and it is interesting to see how one who after being almost persuaded to join the fold, retorts on a professed disciple. The impression most strongly borne in our own mind, perhaps, in reading this controversy, is the practical impossibility of a perfect comprehension of another's language in the philosophic sphere. Here at least the scientist may indulge in his boast. But perhaps the chief use of philosophy may prove to be to sharpen one's wits by these very exercises in scrutinising words and getting at their manifold meanings. Prof. Seth positively accuses his critic of so far misunderstanding him as to use by way of refutation many of his own arguments against his opponents. In fact Prof. Jones says precisely what Prof. Seth says, "nur mit ein bischen andern Worten." Three other good articles complete the number. Prof. Mark Baldwin further develops his theory of Imitation as a principle in psychology, and appears to find it everywhere. We are always imitating, if not something external, at least ourselves. Imitation is here used as including all that psychologists mean by habit. In truth, the writer goes beyond the height of paradox attained by Mr. Samuel Butler in his clever volume *Life and Habit*, and describes the building up of tissues by the organism as a kind of imitative work. One result of this curious theory would be that the distinction of imitative and creative art must wholly disappear. The artist always imitates either something he has seen or heard, or at least his own internal idea or mental picture. Whether this new use of the word will conduce to clearness remains to be seen. Prof. Laurie has some good criticisms on the theory which he calls "psycho-physical materialism"; that consciousness is a mere "epiphenomenon" added to the chain of nervous processes, which theory, as he rightly sees, would have this extraordinary consequence, that "the whole of the 'Antigone' (of Sophocles) might effect itself as a complete drama without the intervention of consciousness." In the last of the principal articles, Mr. D. Irons subjects Prof. W. James's theory of Emotion to an interesting criticism. He makes some good points, as when he says that if an emotion were merely the sum of the bodily effects, we should not (as we often do) experience a sudden cessation of an emotion, say of anger or fear, when we find there is no real ground for the feeling, since the bodily accompaniments move slowly, and, as a matter of observation, survive in this case the emotion which excited them.

STILL another psychological journal. With the New Year America sends us (in addition to the *American Journal of Psychology*, edited by

Prof. Stanley Hall, and largely occupied with the researches carried out at Clark University, of which he is the president) the *Psychological Review*, edited by Profs. J. M. Cattell and J. Mark Baldwin. We cannot but regret the fact that this is the third record of psychological work now appearing in the English language. A single monthly or bi-monthly review strictly confined to psychological research could publish all that is important, and the reduction of the number of journals would be a boon to students. As it is, one must be thankful for the appearance of a Review which will attempt to take note of what is important in all branches of psychological investigation. America has now established something like a school of psychology. Special professorships and laboratories have sprung up in most of the leading universities, and it is well that there should be a journal to give a complete and impartial view of the new work. The first number looks decidedly promising. Prof. Ladd leads off with an address recently given before the American Psychological Association. The address is an interesting review of the recent development of psychology in America, and an eloquent plea for a large and philosophic conception of the subject. Prof. Bryce begins a suggestive study of John Bunyan, whom he treats as a case of mental pathology. Then comes an account of the studies at the Psychological Laboratory at Harvard, where Dr. Münsterberg is introducing exact German methods of measuring mental phenomena. The single contribution by an English writer is a characteristic bit of self-experimentation by Mr. F. Galton, entitled "Arithmetic by Smell." The discussions, as also the accounts of recent writings, are, on the whole, good. It may be suggested, however, that the Review would add to its usefulness if it gave a full statement of the contents of other psychological journals, and noted as important the memoirs of psychological interest which now and again appear in periodicals not expressly devoted to psychological subjects.

#### THE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE.

THE reception of M. Challeml-Lacour at the Académie Française took place on January 25, but his election dates as far back as March of last year. M. Renan had often expressed the wish that his old friend, M. Berthelot, the celebrated chemist, should succeed to his *fauteuil*; but there were objections to this. In the first place, the Academy already contains a sufficient number of *savants*, while M. Berthelot's literary merits are not reckoned high; and, above all, the materialistic theories of the author of *Science idéale* et *Science positive* were particularly distasteful to the *bien pensant* element in the Academy. Uncertainty of purpose reigned among the Immortals as to whom they should elect. M. Gaston Paris was scarcely eminent enough, and the name of M. Zola made them shudder; so that when M. Challeml-Lacour presented himself he was accepted by the bare majority of one vote. His reception was looked forward to with exceeding curiosity by the literary groups and fair ladies of the various academical salons; for it was rumoured that the new Academician, instead of pronouncing the traditional panegyric of his predecessor, would severely criticise his philosophy—it was indeed whispered that this had been an express condition imposed on him in return for certain votes. It is needless to state that these were idle rumours. M. Challeml-Lacour did not tear Renan to pieces; he contented himself with giving the author of *La Vie de Jésus* some rather sharp scratches; and his speech, though a little too long (he spoke for an hour and a quarter by the clock), was a clever and witty oration, in the course of which he never overstepped the limits of courteous criticism.

To excuse his boldness in attempting to criticise so great a writer as Renan, M. Challeml-Lacour quoted, with happy effect, the following characteristic utterance of his predecessor: "Had I been born to be the head of a school, I should have loved only those of my disciples who detached themselves from me." And he added: "This confessed taste for schism re-assures me a little. If I happen to separate myself from him on some points, I shall picture to myself that I see in his kindly look the satisfaction of finding himself treated with a liberty worthy of him." After criticising the *Vie de Jésus*, the orator summed up his opinion of the work in the following terms:

"I do not know what has become of these objections, or whether their slight murmur is still to be heard somewhere. The book has partially survived them, and its novelty consists precisely in having given rise to them. If it has made no mark in the domain of science, it will have a place in the history of ideas. It is the first attempt made to substitute, by making it historical, a figure of flesh and blood in the place of the vague phantom which has flitted across the centuries. What cannot be concealed, however, is that, notwithstanding the formulas with which he loads it, and which one would sometimes think were borrowed from the protocols of the Lower Empire, the author has only sketched a figure of mean proportions, compared with that which can be created in the heart of the believer by a few words of the Gospel. . . . The hero of holiness was a hero of action; in the eyes of the author his glory fades away, he is only a fallen idealist."

M. Challeml-Lacour displayed both eloquence and gentle irony in his summing up of the personality of the author of *Souvenirs de jeunesse*:

"La vie et les choses humaines n'étaient pour M. Renan qu'un spectacle peu sérieux, mais toujours intéressant. En se prêtant à tout de bonne grâce, il paraissait de plus en plus convaincre que, dans cette grande comédie où se déroulent les jeux de la fortune et de l'illusion, dans cette fantasmagorie où tout a sa place, même par moments l'héroïsme et la vertu, il n'y a rien à changer, au moins si l'on ne veut pas s'exposer à rendre la pièce moins amusante. Il avait sur l'avenir des idées qui auraient pu conduire à un assez sombre pessimisme. Et pourtant M. Renan a été un homme heureux. Il vous a charmés jusqu'à la fin par sa placidité souriante; il vous a édifiés par l'exemple d'un bonheur qui ne sentait ni la tension ni l'effort, et où l'on ne voyait qu'un entier abandon. Je ne sais si, depuis Spinoza, personne a jamais puisé dans une familiarité de toutes les heures avec l'Eternel une plus parfaite quiétude. . . . Il n'a pas eu de maître, il n'a pas fait de disciples, il n'en fera pas. Il reste et restera unique en France, idole des uns, pierre de scandale pour un grand nombre, exerçant sur les autres l'attrait d'une pensée qui fuit, comme Galatée, et qu'on poursuit sans l'atteindre."

The *récipiendaire* was M. Gaston Boissier, the historian and successor of M. Renan as Director of the Collège de France. He read his speech, a good specimen of academical rhetoric, from his seat at the bureau. Referring to the traditional welcome the Academy tendered to statesmen, he said that Renan was of opinion that the Academy, like the Prytaneum of the cities of antiquity, should offer its shelter to the remains of the various *régimes* which had in turn governed France, and that retired ministers, diplomats, and worn-out orators should find within its precincts an honourable asylum in which they could end their days in serene tranquility such as they had never enjoyed during their public career. "But," added M. Gaston Boissier, addressing himself to the President of the Senate, "you are not only a politician; you are, as a *lettré*, a writer, a professor, a doubly welcome guest." He then proceeded to defend the memory of Renan from the accusation of having been a mere *amuseur*, a dilettante of philosophy, a thinker whose device was "contradiction." On the contrary,

he was a devotee of science and literature, and tolerant towards all men. When he undertook to write *Les Origines du Christianisme* he accomplished the task with great independence of thought, but also with deep sympathy for the new religion, for the Apostles, and their trials and sufferings. He repudiated the violent and coarse attacks of the philosophers of the last century, and proved by his own example that an opinion can be firmly defended without insulting the belief of others. "He always professed sovereign indifference for material interests, and he died a poor man. . . . It was the essential dogma of his morality that life is good and that, after all, good is stronger than evil; he proclaimed that true wisdom consists for each of us in rejoicing in our work, in praising God from morning to evening by being gay, good-natured, and resigned."

Our thanks are due to M. Pingard, Secretary of the Institut, for the courteous welcome he proffered to the representative of the ACADEMY in the precincts of the Académie Française.

CECIL NICHOLSON.

#### SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

##### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ARDOUIN-DUMAZET. Une Armée dans les Neiges: journal d'un volontaire du corps franc des Vosges (1870-71). Paris: Rouan. 6 fr.  
 DATZ, P. Histoire de la publicité. T. 1<sup>er</sup>. Paris: Rothschild. 3 fr. 50 c.  
 D'HONDT, P. Venise: L'Art de la Verrière, histoire et fabrication. Paris: Lib. Centrale des Beaux-Arts. 5 fr.  
 FERRAND, G. Contes populaires Malgaches. Paris: Leroux. 5 fr.  
 GAULOT, Paul. Les Chemises rouges: une conspiration sous la Terreur. Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50 c.  
 HARLEZ, Ch. de. Shen-Sien-Shu. Le Livre des Esprits et des Immortels. Essai de mythologie chinoise. Paris: Leroux. 10 fr.  
 LALLEMAND, Ch. Le Caire. Paris: Westhauser. 30 fr.  
 LAURENCE, Emile de. Essais et Etudes. T. 1<sup>er</sup>. Paris: Alcan. 7 fr. 50 c.  
 LOTI, Pierre. Œuvres complètes de. T. 1. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.  
 SCHULTZ, S. Der junge Goethe. Ein Bild seiner inneren Entwicklung. (1749-1775). 5. Hft. Frankfurt-Wetzlar. Periode. 2. Abtlg. Goethe in Wetzlar (1772). Halle: Kaemmerer. 1 M.  
 THEOLOJ, ETC.

BICKELL, G. Das Buch Job, nach Anleitz. der Strophik u. der Septuaginta auf seine ursprüngliche Form zurückgeführt u. im Versmasse des Urtextes übers. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 2 M.

##### HISTORY, ETC.

- AMÉLINEAU, E. Histoire des Monastères de la Basse-Egypte: Vies des Saints Paul, Antoine, Macaire, etc. Texte copte et traduction française. Paris: Leroux. 40 fr.  
 DESJARDINS, A. De la liberté politique dans l'état moderne. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.  
 GAILLY de TAUBIENS, Ch. La Nation canadienne: étude historique sur les populations françaises du Nord de l'Amérique. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.  
 KALOSVAKIS, D. De Thracia provincia romana. Berlin: Heinrich. 2 M.  
 LECOY DE LA MARCHE, A. La France sous Saint Louis et Philippe le Hardi. Paris: May & Motteroz. 4 fr.  
 NOEL, Octave. Histoire du Commerce du Monde. T. II. Depuis les découvertes maritimes du 15<sup>e</sup> Siècle jusqu'à la Révolution de 1789. Paris: Plon. 20 fr.  
 STRADA, T. La Loi de l'histoire. Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.  
 WIRZ, J. C. Ennio Filonardi, der letzte Nuntius in Zürich. Zürich: Fast. 2 M.

##### PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

- BAILLON, H. Histoire des Plantes: Monographie des Cypéracées, Restiacées et Ericaulacées. Paris: Hachette. 4 fr.  
 KIRCHHOFF, G. Vorlesungen üb. mathematische Physik. 4. Bd. Hrg. v. M. Planck. Leipzig: Teubner. 8 M.  
 LANDMANN, S. Die Mehrheit geistiger Persönlichkeiten in e. Individuum. Eine psychol. Studie. Stuttgart: Enk. 4 M.  
 LINDENFELD, R. V. Die Spongien der Adria. II. Die Hexacarina. Leipzig: Engelmann. 2 M.  
 NEUMANN, F. Vorlesungen üb. mathematische Physik. 7. Hft. Hrg. v. A. Wangerin. Leipzig: Teubner. 8 M.  
 SCHIFF, Maurice. Recueil des Mémoires physiologiques de. T. 1. Lausanne: Benda. 20 fr.  
 SCHOTTE, H. Inhalt u. Methode des planimetrischen Unterrichts. 2. Bd. Leipzig: Teubner. 8 M.  
 ZIEGLER, H. E. Die Naturwissenschaft u. die sozial-demokratische Theorie, ihr Verhältnis dargestellt auf Grund der Werke v. Darwin u. Bebel. Stuttgart: Enke. 4 M.

##### PHILOLOGY.

- CORPUS glossariorum latinorum. Vol. V. Placidus, ed. G. Goetz. Leipzig: Teubner. 22 M.  
 POPPELREUTER, J. De comœdiæ atticæ primordiis particulæ duse. Berlin: Heinrich. 1 M. 20 Pf.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE NORTH PICTISH INSCRIPTIONS.

Bournemouth: Jan. 23, 1894.

Having read with much interest Mr. Nicholson's letters on the Pictavian Ogam inscriptions and the correspondence which they have elicited, allow me to offer a few words on the subject, in no controversial spirit, but as hoping to draw attention to some useful considerations. In his letter of January 13, Mr. Goudie has very justly remarked that experts are "still unable to arrive at unanimity" in their readings of these legends. Such unanimity is perhaps impossible; but it is clear that no progress can be made towards it until two things are done—until the text is definitely settled, either by entire agreement or by partial agreement with notes of permissible variations, and until the values of all the Ogam groups and signs are, in like manner, agreed upon, or noted as within limits doubtful.

The chief difficulties in establishing a text (some of which only affect Pictish Ogam, viewed apart from those in Ireland, England, and Wales) may be stated as follows: (1) Injuries and wear. Few of the inscriptions are undamaged, some are mere wrecks. Partly effaced groups often show traces that may be variously used for their completion: thus, Bressay (a) 3, 4, have been read as R, N, and as N, R, and Bressay (a) 8 as S or as ST.\* (2) Long vowel scores (instead of the Irish and Welsh dots), which confuse with consonants. (3) Irregularity in slant of groups, some being neither fully slanted nor straight: thus, Newton 5, 26, have been read as I, or as R. (4) Variations in lengths, intervals, and slants of scores in individual groups: thus, Newton 6 has been read as Q, or as A, C, or as possibly T, D. (5) The absence of a clear stem-line, whether line or angle, hence doubt as to the relations of groups to their stem. Thus, Golspie 8, 9, 10, might be either O, R, R, or D, Q, Q. (6) Peculiar marks of doubtful significance, such as the detached short scores on either side of Bressay (b) 4.

These difficulties mainly concern matters of fact, and might perhaps be settled or compromised more easily than others that belong to realms of opinion. In this latter class I would place those unusual signs peculiar (with one exception) to the Pictish Ogam, which are mostly precise enough in form but undefined in value. These are: (1) Angled, twisted, and under-barred scores, singly or in groups: generally admitted to be vowels, and very frequent in the angled variety. (2) Peculiar forms, such as Bressay (a) 16 = Oi (?); some of them rather obvious, as in Bressay (a) 15 and Burrian 26, R, R; others obscure, as Lunnasting 4 = Ui (?) and Burrian 20 = Ma (?). (3) The very perplexing sign X. Much depends on a true assignment of its value. The Ballymote key makes it equal diphthong EA. But cases exist where it clearly performs a different function, as in the Irish Ogam names MaXeiini, CorrXo, Xoinetat (Brash, *Ins. Mon. of Gaedhil*). In the Welsh Crickhowel bilingual example, this sign in TurXili corresponds with P in the Roman Turpilli; hence the assumption that X equals P. But there is no proof that the sounds were precisely identical. At all events, this is a solitary instance; and in the Irish examples cited P is impossible. Mr. Brash suggested G. That letter, however, is already represented in Ogam, and I have thought it not unlikely that in such cases X equals Ch or Gh, unrepresented sounds. The importance of the question in the present case is evident from the uses of this sign made by Mr. Nicholson

and other writers, who, for reasons unknown to me, equate it with E (for which, of course, there is its own regular group), and in cases where two angled scores stand angle-points opposite treat these distinct scores (A, A) as if equivalent to X, and read them also as E. I do not assert that this is wrong: I only argue that the question must be settled before we can successfully decipher the Pictish Ogam and build theories on the result.

One other important consideration. Prof. Rhys has given the weight of his recognised authority to the substitution of a V and F rendering for the groups termed F and ST in the Book of Ballymote. Personally, I should hesitate to question a rendering thus originated; but seeing that the Ballymote key has been everywhere believed in (whatever its defects and limitations), and accepted as a guide by many eminent scholars, I venture to ask the reasons for a change which seems to have so important a bearing on the relations of the language in which these inscriptions are framed.

Let me repeat that I have no mere controversial ends in view. My desire is that our Pictavian Ogam inscriptions (I do not assume that they are necessarily the work of Pictish hands) should be studied afresh, on the original stones, by competent persons acting together; as in the case of the Newton Ogam, which last year was examined by Prof. Ramsay, Mr. W. R. Paton, Mr. Gordon of Newton, and myself, in a meeting arranged for the purpose. Happily the stones are very accessible, all of them being in the Edinburgh Antiquarian Museum, except those at Golspie (Dunrobin Museum), Aboyne, Brodie, Aquhollie, Logie Elphinstone, and Newton, which are within easy reach of railway-stations, the two last being in the same neighbourhood. Though valuable aids, photographs, rubbings, and casts cannot be trusted as substitutes for the original inscriptions, as, were it necessary, I could sufficiently prove by examples from my own experience.

SOUTHERSK.

P.S., January 27.—Since this letter was in type I have had the advantage of reading Mr. Nicholson's communication in the current number of the ACADEMY. Permit me here to acknowledge his very kind and courteous reference to myself, and to record my belief that, whether or not his interpretations are generally accepted, he has rendered valuable service in the search for truth. I must not enter into discussions just now; but, referring to Mr. Mayhew's letter as well as to Mr. Nicholson's, allow me to point out that the word or syllable Ip can only be found in the Pictavian Ogam by assuming that X equals P—which seems "not proven" (see above)—and that even then it only occurs once, viz., on the Newton Stone. With the undoubted Ipe in the St. Vigean Roman-Irish inscription, and with the entries in the Book of Deer, I have no present concern. In case reference should at any time be made to my own attempts at Ogam transliteration, may I mention that the versions given in my *Origins of Pictish Symbolism* (pp. 54, 71, 75, 76) represent my latest views (except that perhaps Burrian 20 equals MA (?) rather than MH (?), it is not the common Ogam X), and supersede those published in the *Proc. S. Ant. Scot.*

SOUTHERSK.

Oxford: Jan. 27, 1894.

Mr. Nicholson seems to complain that I did not whisper my misgivings as to his explanations of the North Pictish inscriptions into his private ear in Bodley's Library, instead of saying a few plain sincere words about his method of investigation in the columns of the ACADEMY. He has no reason to complain.

When a scholar propounds his views in a literary journal, he must expect to be criticised, not in *camera* (*Bodleiana*), but in public, in the columns of the journal which he has favoured with his views.

No one doubts for a moment that Mr. Nicholson is a scholar of considerable ability, and of stupendous intellectual activity—a man devoted with a generous enthusiasm to the prosecution of antiquarian studies. He is clever and ingenious, and he has all the resources of a great library at his back. Still, I may perhaps be allowed to express as plainly as possible my decided opinion that, in the interests of sound learning, it is deeply to be regretted that a man, who is evidently untrained as well in the methods of comparative philology as in the rudiments of Celtic scholarship, who does not know the elements of Gaelic grammar, should presume to offer explanations of hopelessly obscure inscriptions—monuments which have utterly baffled the learning and ingenuity of trained experts in Celtic philology.

The professor of Celtic in the University of Oxford fancies that he can read on these inscriptions a language akin to Basque; Dr. Whitley Stokes, a trained comparative philologist, a Celtic scholar of European reputation, holds that this "Pictish" language is Brythonic—more nearly allied to Welsh than Gaelic; Mr. Nicholson, an amateur in these studies, has the temerity "to prove up to the hilt" that "Pictish" was a Goidelic language (not imported from Ireland)—the venerable mother of modern Scottish Gaelic. In a question of such dim obscurity, where the doctors of the science can see no clear guiding light, is it within the bounds of probability that a novice, however clever, who has picked up only a few crumbs of Celtic lore, who has not got as far as the mastery of the Gaelic declensions, can be a safe guide to us in the mist? It is quite certain that, with the employment of Mr. Nicholson's methods of interpretation, it would be perfectly possible to read any language spoken by the various tribes of men into these scratches on Scottish stones. An ingenious person could easily explain these inscriptions as written in the language of the Rock-Inscriptions of Darius. Another still more ingenious person could easily prove that he had found on the stones a language akin to the forcible unsophisticated speech of Lo Bengila.

The art of explanation, as practised in Bodley, is perfectly easy. In the first place ignore the elementary rules of accidence. In any difficulty adopt a new reading; if that fails, read the word backwards; if that fails, bring to bear this useful postulate: let it be granted that, in "Pictish," any sound may stand for any other sound. The thing is done! But the question may well be asked, "Is it worth doing? Is this science?"

Here is an instance of the useful postulate I have just mentioned. Mr. Nicholson reads on the Bressay Stone the words *nahht* and *dattrr*, which he explains as Norse words meaning respectively "night" and "daughter." To my obvious objection that the latter word should have retained the spirant as well as the former, Mr. Nicholson makes the following very naive reply. The lady's description,

"though in itself Norse, is merely part of a Pictish inscription; and you cannot expect a Pict to be more consistent with *ht* in Norse than in his own language. Now, we not only have the same Pictish word spelt in these inscriptions sometimes as *chht*, &c., and sometimes as *ett*, &c., but in the Lunnasting Stone, explained in my last letter, we actually get these two forms side by side."

The equation of "these two forms," be it remembered, is a pure assumption of Mr. Nicholson's.

\* I will term the male epitaph Bressay (a), and the female Bressay (b).

Take an instance now of Mr. Nicholson's heroic contempt for grammatical consistency. He tells us that the *s* of *cerruocs* on the Burrian Stone is the *s* of the gen. sing., and, for the retention of final *s*, he refers to the form *Lugudeccas*, cited in Brugmann, *Comp. Gr.* § 576. This form *Lugudeccas* occurs in the Inscription of Ardmore, co. Waterford (see Stokes, *Celtic Declension*, Inscription No. 13, p. 87). This inscription is written in language of so ancient a date that on it we find the old gen. in *i* occurring three times. If Mr. Nicholson's theory about *cerruocs* had been correct, we should have found, of course, on the Burrian Stone, instead of *uorr = mhor* "an old gen. of *mor*, great," the form *mari*, a form ending in *-i*, as old Irish *már, mór*, belongs to the *o*-declension (see Brugmann II. § 74). At no period of the Gaelic language could such a form as *uorr* have been the gen. sing. of *mór*.

I am afraid I am asking too much of your space. It is of the very smallest importance what I think or what Mr. Nicholson thinks about these inscriptions. We are neither of us specialists in Celtic philology. If the inscriptions are Goidelic, as Mr. Nicholson assumes, they can only be satisfactorily explained by trained Gaelic scholars. I wrote my former letter, not with the object of disturbing the mind of my old friend, but with the express purpose of eliciting the judgment of trained Celtic scholars on the matter in dispute between us. Possibly I shall not attain my end. Celtic philologists will very probably look upon the dispute much in the same way as Milton regarded the inglorious conflicts before the Conquest—as a mere bickering between kites and crows, as a matter quite unworthy the attention of serious men.

A. L. MAYHEW.

London: Jan. 27, 1894.

Mr. Nicholson, on the authority of Skene, would derive the place-names in Scotland with initial Tully or Tilly from *teughlach* = family. Is there any evidence for this? The numerous Irish place-names beginning with Tully or its equivalent are all traceable, I think, to *telach* (stem *teláká*) a hill, modern form *tulach*. This must be the element, I think, in such names as Tillymuick Hill, in Aberdeenshire (= hill of the pig), Tillycairn (hill of the cairn), Tullich Castle, in the same county, Tullich Burn, in Banff, Tullybelton Hill, Perth. There can hardly be question of a word signifying "family" in these connexions; and the fact that "Hill" is added in the case of three of them, and that the rest are associated with eminences, renders it all but certain that we have here to do with the Tully so frequently found in place-names in Ireland. The root is probably *Tel*, as suggested in the new edition of Fick's *Vergleichendes Wörterbuch der Indo-germanischen Sprachen*, Zweiter Theil (p. 130) cf. Zeuss-Ebel (pp. 72 and 810).

EDMUND MCCLURE.

DANTE AND BERTRAN DE BORN.

Exeter: Jan. 22, 1894.

The answer to the interesting question of Mr. Wentworth Webster, why Dante treats Bertran de Born as he does in the *Inferno*, notwithstanding Bertran's repentance, seems to be suggested by Giuliani's note to the passage in *Convito* iv., 11, where Bertran is so highly eulogised. We must in fact remember that in the *Divina Comedia* Dante writes primarily as a poet and moralist, not as an historian. Discussing the sin of those who fomented discord between relatives, the poet is naturally anxious to avail himself of the singularly effective parallel between the conduct of Achitophel and that of Bertran de Born. Accordingly, just as in *Purg.* iii., 118-120 he

invents the repentance of Manfred, here by a similar licence he sinks the repentance of Bertran; conceiving perhaps that the justice of the case was met by the eulogy of Bertran's character in the *Convito*, and the acknowledgment of his literary eminence in the *De Vulgari Eloquentia* (ii., 2).

A. G. FERRERS HOWELL.

Oxford: Jan. 24, 1894.

Mr. W. Webster, in his interesting note on Dante's "Young King" (*ACADEMY*, Jan. 20), having incidentally raised the question whether any adequate explanation has been given why Dante made such a terrible example of Bertran de Born in the *Inferno*, may I draw attention to an explanation I find in the introduction to the *Poésies complètes de Bertran de Born*, ed. Ant. Thomas (Toulouse, 1888), which may help to solve the problem?

"La poésie a le privilège de transformer et d'agrandir tout ce qu'elle touche. Un troubadour anonyme a raconté les événements politiques auxquels a été mêlé Bertran de Born, brouillant souvent les dates et les personnes, exagérant toujours la part qu'y avait prise le poète. C'est dans ce miroir grossissant et peu fidèle que Dante a aperçu la figure de Bertran de Born; son ardente imagination a ajouté encore aux transformations que cette figure avait déjà subies. De la le tableau inoubliable qui termine le vingt-huitième livre de l'*Enfer*" (cf. l. c. p. xi. et xii.).

H. KREBS.

A CHILD MARRIAGE IN 1623.

London: Jan. 30, 1894.

A comparatively late example of child marriage in England may be found in Number 1 of *Dorset Records* for January, just published by Mr. Charles J. Clark, of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Among the abstracts of Inquisitiones post Mortem, temp. Charles I., there printed is one relating to Sir Robert Seymour, of Hampford, alias Hanford. The jurors duly find that the said Sir Robert died on July 7, 22 James I. [i.e., 1624], leaving as his son and heir Henry, then aged 14 years, 4 months, and 20 days. And they further find that the said Henry was married to Mary Welstead, on July 22, 1623, at which time he would have been only 13 years and 5 months old.

No doubt in this case, as in others, the object of the early marriage was to evade the liability for feudal dues; for Sir Robert held his manor of Hampford of the king in chief.

J. S. C.

"WINCHESTER COLLEGE."

London: Jan. 30, 1894.

The editor of the anniversary volume upon Winchester College, which I had the pleasure of reviewing in the *ACADEMY* of last week, kindly points out to me a blunder on my part, which I greatly regret, and beg leave to correct. In the second poem by the Bishop of Southwell, occurs the passage:

"Monasteria prouens pepercit  
Rex illi spoliator, et sacrorum  
Contemptor populi rebellis aestus:  
Non illam impietas benigna regis,  
Nec regis pietas maligna movit."

Taking the five lines together, I interpreted the last two as an allusion to the reigns and characters of Henry VIII. and Charles I. In reality, the allusion is to Charles II. and James II. My excuse must be, that my misinterpretation was at least not meaningless, nor false to history.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

## APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SUNDAY, Feb. 4, 4 p.m. Sunday Lecture: "The Lick Observatory," by Mrs. Proctor-Smyth.  
7.30 p.m. Ethical: "The Story of an African Farm: a Criticism," by Mr. T. F. Hueband.  
MONDAY, Feb. 5, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.  
5 p.m. London Institution: "Art about us," by Mr. Lewis F. Day.  
8.15 p.m. Carlyle Society: "Imperial Federation," by Mr. George R. Parkin.  
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Advancement of Architecture," III., by Mr. G. Aitchison.  
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Detection and Measurement of Inflammable Gas and Vapour in the Air," III., by Dr. Frank Clowes.  
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Green and his Critics," by Mr. W. H. Fairbrother.  
8 p.m. Victoria Institute: A Lecture by the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson.  
TUESDAY, Feb. 6, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Locomotion and Fixation in Plants and Animals," IV., by Prof. C. Stewart.  
8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Ancient Metals from Tell el-Hesi," by Dr. J. H. Gladstone; "An Important Point of Egyptian Theology," by Mr. P. le Page Renouf.  
8 p.m. Civil Engineers.  
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Synostosis and Curvature of the Spine in Fishes," by Prof. Hovew; "Some Points in the Development of the Tadpole of *Xenopus*," by Mr. F. E. Beddard; "Some Remains of *Aepyornis* in the British Museum," by Mr. Chas. W. Andrews.  
WEDNESDAY, Feb. 7, 4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "A Stamped Leather Box of the Fifteenth Century," by Mr. R. Wright Taylor; "A Monumental Brass from Aberdeen," by Mr. C. T. Davis; "Some Monumental Brasses from Surrey," by Mr. Mill Stephenson.  
8 p.m. Geological: "Some Cases of the Conversion of Compact Greenstones into Schists," by Prof. T. G. Bonney; "The Waldensian Gneisses and their Place in the Cottian Sequence," by Dr. J. W. Gregory.  
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Automatic Balance of Reciprocating Machinery, and Prevention of Vibration," by Mr. W. W. Beaumont.  
THURSDAY, Feb. 8, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Past and Future of Mountain Exploration," I., by Mr. W. M. Conway.  
4.30 p.m. Society of Arts: "Telegraphic Communication between England and India," by Mr. E. O. Walker.  
6 p.m. London Institution: "The Life-History of a Mountain Range," by Mr. J. J. Harris Teall.  
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Advancement of Architecture," IV., by Mr. G. Aitchison.  
8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: "The Electric Lighting of the City of London," by General Webber.  
8 p.m. Mathematical: Exhibition and Description of Lord Kelvin's Models of his "Tetrakaidakahedron," by Mr. J. J. Walker.  
8 p.m. United Service Institution: "The Coast-Lands of the North Atlantic," V., by Mr. H. J. Mackinder.  
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.  
FRIDAY, Feb. 9, 5 p.m. Physical: Annual General Meeting: "The Viscosity of Liquids," by Mr. O. G. Jones.  
8 p.m. Ruskin: "Ruskin in relation to Modern Problems," by Mr. E. T. Cook.  
8 p.m. Viking Club: Concert.  
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Fortuitous Variation in Animals," by Prof. W. F. R. Weldon.  
SATURDAY, Feb. 10, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Light, with special reference to the Optical Discoveries of Newton," I., by Lord Rayleigh.  
3.45 p.m. Botanic: Fortnightly General Meeting.  
8 p.m. South Kensington Museum: "The Arts of Egypt and Assyria, in their Relation to those of Greece," by Mr. Talfourd Ely.

## SCIENCE.

AVIANUS AND HIS IMITATORS.

"LES FABULISTES LATINS DEPUIS LE SIÈCLE D'AUGUSTE JUSQU'À LA FIN DU MOYEN ÂGE."—*Avianus et ses Anciens Imitateurs*. Par Leopold Hervieux. (Paris: Firmin Didot.)

(First Notice.)

THIS handsome volume of 530 pages continues the exhaustive work of M. Hervieux on the Latin Fabulists. Two previous volumes deal with Phaedrus and his ancient imitators. The fables of Phaedrus, which in modern times are the only Latin fables largely known or read, and which, written as they were in the reign of Tiberius, have no little interest for their excellent and still undebased Latinity, were quite put out of the field in the Middle Age by the forty-two elegiac fables of Avianus, a writer of the period which saw the final triumph of Christianity, and probably a later contemporary of Ausonius. A probable reason for this preposterous preference may be



found in the metrical form as well as in the shortness of Avianus' work. His fables are in elegiacs, a metre with which everyone was familiar; those of Phaedrus are in iambs. Moreover, Avianus' elegiacs are terse and easily remembered; Phaedrus is apt to expatiate into matters which have nothing to do with the fable.

It is a sign of the popularity of Avianus in the Middle Age that his forty-two fables have come down to us in a great number of MSS., some of them as early as the ninth century. In not a few of them the love-elegies of Maximianus are found in immediate juxtaposition. But, whereas the elegies of Maximianus seem never to have been interpolated, the fables of Avianus have received large medieval accretions in the shape of promythia and epimythia, to say nothing of the prose paraphrases and rhymed transmutations of which M. Hervieux gives a full account for the first time. To these, indeed, the larger and, in some senses, the more interesting part of his *Avianus et ses Anciens Imitateurs* is devoted, and it is in this section of his book that his readers will find most that is new. M. Hervieux is an indefatigable palaeographer; hence, as the large compass of his *étude* admits of detailed and full descriptions of the MSS. in which the Fables of either Avianus or his paraphrasts and imitators occur, and many of these MSS. are not only very early, but contain a great variety of other matters, often far more important than Avianus, the trained palaeographer will find his attention continually arrested, and the tiro in palaeography, who pants to know how to make a suitable beginning of a study becoming every day more important, will turn again and again to a book in which, as in the works of de Nolhac, he is sure to find the richest and amplest material for his purpose. I cannot better illustrate my meaning than by referring to pp. 49—120, containing a minute account of the MSS. of Avianus in France, Germany, England, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Switzerland. This subsidiary purpose of M. Hervieux' volume is, I think, quite as important as its more direct object. It is, indeed, in its connexion with the Middle Age, far more than as a work of classical antiquity, that the fables of Avianus are interesting. They moulded the boyhood of Europe at least from the time of Charlemagne to the fifteenth century, and deserve, therefore, the most careful study from all who would understand the thought and morale of that period.

It may be as well to mention in succession the various matters which M. Hervieux' volume comprises. It is divided into two books. B. I. (pp. 3—156) contains a discussion on the name and age of the fabulist, followed by an account of the MSS., editions, and translations. B. II. describes the prose and verse paraphrases or abridgments executed in the Middle Age, with a full account of the MSS., mostly unknown before they were examined by M. Hervieux. Then follows (p. 265 to 287) the text of the fables, as given by the tenth century MS. of Trèves (1093): pp. 289—300, the Greek text of those fables of Babrius which Avianus has imitated: 301—318, the passages

of Vergil copied by Avianus: pp. 319—369, two prose versions: 371—411, the leonine verse translation of a poet of Asti in Piedmont: 412—429, an examination of the rhymes employed by him: 430—450, another leonine version contained in an Austrian codex: 452—461, examination of the rhymes in this version: 462—466, Alexander Neckam's verse paraphrase of the first six fables, based on Paris 11867, with variants from Cambridge Gg. vi., 42: 468—473, Anti-Avianus: 475—479, Noui Aviani Parisiensis Flores: 480—490, Rhythmical Moralisation on the fables: 491—501, Metrical Moralisation on the same: 502—509, other medieval fables not belonging to the Avianian collection.

In the dissertation with which the work opens, M. Hervieux examines the views of Avianus' name, personality, and era, which have been held by previous editors, notably Cannigietter, Wernsdorf, Lachmann, Unrein, and myself. He shows that two spellings predominate in the MSS., Avianus, Avienus; the other forms, Anianus, Anienus, Abidnus, Avionetus, Avinionetus, may be dismissed as exceptional, corrupt, or only found in late MSS. Between Avianus, Avienus, the question is more difficult. Avienus is found in one ninth century codex (Paris 8093), and in two eleventh (B. N. Rawl. iii., in the Bodleian, Voss. L. O. 15 in the University Library of Leyden). To these I add the following: Albarus, a Spanish Jew of the ninth century, speaks of *Abieni fabule metricæ* (Dümmler and Traube *Poet. Lat. Med. Aevi* III., p. 124), and Mico Levita (A.D. 825-853), who in his *Prosodia* cites the fables three times, spells the name Avienus. On the other hand Avianus is found in three MSS. of the eleventh century, two of the twelfth, ten of the thirteenth, seven of the fourteenth; and he is so called by Conrad of Hirschau in the twelfth century. M. Hervieux pronounces in favour of this spelling, as Cannigietter and all subsequent editors have done; yet, if earliness of witnesses preponderates over number the evidence is rather in favour of Avienus. The question cannot be considered settled. Meanwhile it is convenient to distinguish the fabulist Avianus from the geographical and astronomical poet Rufus Festus Avienus. It must not be forgotten that Fröhner, who in his edition of 1862 adopted the spelling Avianus, at a later period decided in favour neither of this nor Avienus, but of Avianius.

In the more purely historical part of his discussion, I find little to dissent from, except as to the interpretation of the words of the *praefatio* "De his ego ad quadraginta et duas in unum redactas fabulas dedi, quas rudi latinitate compositas elegis sum explicare conatus." M. Hervieux explains this to mean that Avianus turned forty-two fables, which had already been known to the Roman world in a common prose version, into elegiacs. He goes on to infer that this prose version was that of which Ausonius speaks as made by Titianus; and, since Titianus is called *fandi artifex*, explains *rudi*, in the above passage of the *Praefatio*, of the language of common life as opposed to the language of poetry. All this is pure hypothesis. In my

edition I have maintained, as I still believe, that the words, *rudi latinitate compositas elegis explicavi* = *r. l. composui et elegis explicavi*. Avianus makes his statement, not of the whole collection of fables, but of the forty-two alone which he versified. The use of the participle is precisely the same as in the previous clause, *in unum redactas dedi*. The rudeness of the latinity will easily be felt by any one who studies the fables; most of them have some word, or combination of words, which jars on our feeling of correct language.

The section on the editions of Avianus is full of new matter. It is noticeable that many of them, even the rarest, are to be found in the British Museum. M. Hervieux traces the fluctuation in the spelling of the fabulist's name from the Avianus of 1494 to the Avienus of 1570; thenceforward the two names alternate in the editions for about half a century, when a return was made to Avienus. Cannigietter (1731) was thought to have decided the question in favour of Avianus, which has ever since maintained its ground. We have seen that an age of MS. research like our own is not unlikely to overthrow this part of the learned Dutchman's researches, as it has undeniably disposed of his view of the fabulist's era.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### TRACES OF SYRIAC INFLUENCE ON THE TEXT OF THE VULGATE.

Fallowfield, Manchester: Jan. 27, 1894.

I wish respectfully to suggest to the learned editors of the new edition of the Latin Vulgate that, for the solution of the problem they propound in to-day's ACADEMY, they should look to Syria. The proximity of Bethlehem, where Jerome laboured, renders this antecedently probable; and I venture to think that the following considerations prove (or tend to prove) that the MS. or MSS. in whose favour Jerome altered the readings of the Old Latin had been "Syriacised."

Mark ix. 5.—The Vulgate here has *hic nos esse*, instead of *nos hic esse* of the Old Latin. The Greek is *ἡμεῖς ὧς ἐβαί*. The Palestinian Lectionary (Syr-Jer), which so regularly presents the readings of B<sup>01</sup>, is here defective (as is also the Curetonian); but, in Matt. xvii. 4, Syr-Jer reads "Good is it for us that we should be here"; but Syr-Cu in Matt. xvii. 4, and the Peshitta in this place, and also in Mark ix. 5, read: "Good is it for us that *here* we should be." May not the position of "here" in Syr and Syr-Cu have led to the transposition from *nos hic esse* to *hic nos esse*, in the MS. used by Jerome?

Luke ix. 44.—*In vestris cordibus* has not been found in any Syriac MS.; but the Diatessaron, which is essentially a Syrian production, bears evidence to the existence of this reading by the doublet: "Keep these sayings in your ears and hearts."

John vi. 12.—*Ne percant* has no precise equivalent in any known MS.; but Codex D bears evidence to the Vulgate by its unique reading: *ἵνα μὴ τι ἀποληται ἐξ αὐτῶν*, "That none of them be lost." That Codex Bezae bears the marks of Syriac influence has, in my judgment, been demonstrated by Mr. Chase.

John ix. 28.—The Vulgate adds *proci dens*, without any equivalent in extant Greek MSS. This passage does not exist in the Curetonian Fragments; but the insertion of "proci dens" is precisely the sort of embellishment in detail

by which Syr-Cu is characterised. In fact, in three other passages, where *ἡσυχάζειν* occurs in the Greek, the Curetonian adds נפל = "fell"—e.g., Matt. viii. 2, "a leper came, fell, and worshipped him." So Matt. xviii. 26, Matt. xx. 20.

Luke xi. 53.—*Os ejus opprimere*. Does not this translation of *ἀποσπᾶσθαι* suggest a familiarity with the Peshitta נרדס? The radical notion of *רדס* is to stamp with the foot, hence to coerce, hinder. Tremellius and others take this Syriac word to mean "to entrap"; but does not its usage in Rom. xv. 22 suggest here rather the thought of stifling Christ's words by browbeating? If so, this is the idea involved in "*os opprimere*," as well as in *ἀποσπᾶσθαι* (3 MSS. of Tisch.).

As to the other cases, I have no suggestion to offer. Some of the instances are such that the Syriac cannot offer evidence—e.g., John v. 45, vii. 34, &c. The above may be thought too limited an area on which to base an induction. My purpose will be served if I have turned the attention of scholars in the direction in which the solution seems to lie; or, if a more extended list could be supplied me, I should have pleasure in making a further application of the method employed above.

J. T. MARSHALL.

#### THE PREVALENCE OF S- PLURALITY IN ENGLISH.

Oxford: Jan. 30, 1894.

Prof. Napier's letter in the ACADEMY of January 20 is in the nature of a schedule of details of evidence supplementary to the letter of January 13, to which we must turn for the enunciation of the principle upon which he rests his argument so far as it depends upon the *Chronicle* 1122-31 and upon the *Ormulum*. The principle upon which he relies is enunciated in these words:

"When two different languages are brought into contact, the influence of the one upon the other is first made apparent in the borrowing of words and phrases, and the proportion of such loan-words may, especially during the earlier periods of contact, be taken as a trustworthy gauge of the amount of influence exercised by the one on the other."

Applied to our present debate, this means to say that borrowed words and phrases are the first results of influence, that the passive language will adopt these earlier than it will admit flexional change, and that the true gauge as to whether influence is such as can impart flexional change is to be found in the list of borrowed words. Prof. Napier submits the *Chronicle* 1122-1131 and the *Ormulum* to this test, with a very remarkable result. He finds that the list of borrowed words is small; and the inference which his argument requires him to draw is this: that the influence was not strong enough to produce changes of form. But he is debarred from this inference by his own observation of words in the same book which have admitted change in form and meaning—viz., *ormin*, *rime*, *wiless* (modern English "*wiles*"), *temple*, *mazzstrec*. How can he with any consistency maintain that the French influence might not have caused the native s- plural to become universal?

Prof. Napier leans upon a principle which fails him, and which in any case of exact reasoning must fail anyone who leans on it, because it is faulty. I know it is current, and I know there have been situations in history to which it might be applied with proximate accuracy; but I think it is not applicable to the situation now under discussion. Conquered people dislike the language of their conquerors. They prefer their own native words wherever choice is free, and so much is in their power; but the influence of form and sense is

too subtle to be resisted—it is unnoticed and unsuspected, and therefore cannot be guarded against. For these reasons I cannot admit (in the particular case before us) that the proportion of loan-words may be taken as a trustworthy gauge of the amount of influence exercised by one language on the other.

That our s-plurality received a strong impulse from French, seems to me to be not so much a matter of inference from constructive reasonings, as a fact patent and visible to the naked eye on the pages of the *Chronicle*. I declare myself unable to pass from the plurals of the time of the Norman Conquest to those of sixty years later, and not feel that the change must be due to an external cause.

J. EARLE.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Hayden Medal—founded by the widow of the late Prof. F. V. Hayden, "for the best publication, exploration, discovery, or research in the sciences of geology and palaeontology"—has been awarded by the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia to Prof. Huxley. The previous recipients of the medal have been Prof. J. Hall, Prof. E. D. Cope, and Prof. E. Suess.

MR. H. O. FORBES has been appointed director of the Liverpool Museum.

LORD RAYLEIGH, professor of natural philosophy at the Royal Institution, will begin, next Saturday, a course of six lectures on "Light, with special reference to the Optical Discoveries of Newton."

THE annual general meeting of the Physical Society will be held on Friday next, when Mr. O. G. Jones is to read a paper on "The Viscosity of Liquids."

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE new number of the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* (Macmillans) contains an interesting literary discovery. A Dutch naval officer, Mr. H. Van Assendelft de Coningh, acquired at Palmyra, in 1881, a set of wax tablets, which, when examined recently by Dr. D. G. Hesselung, of Leiden University, were discovered to contain portions of the text of fourteen of the Fables of Babrius. Dr. Hesselung has now published the text, with photographic facsimiles of all the tablets. Of the fourteen fables four have hitherto been known only in prose paraphrases; of the rest, Dr. Hesselung's opinion is that they are a sadly corrupted copy of an original which was superior in many respects to the Athoan and Vatican codices. The copy was evidently a mere schoolboy's exercise, and is full of mistakes, which in some cases reduce the text to prose; but the date of the tablets makes their evidence valuable wherever it is available. They are assigned on palaeographical and historical grounds (Palmyra was destroyed in A.D. 273) to the third century; and as the best authorities concur in placing Babrius in the early part of that century, the tablets carry us back very nearly to the age of the author. Among the remaining contents of the *Journal*, special mention may be made of Mr. J. G. Frazer's article contesting Dr. Dörpfeld's theory of the rebuilding of the pre-Persian temple on the Acropolis, and Mr. A. J. Evans's interesting account of a Mykenaeen treasure from Aegina, now in the British Museum. Prof. Percy Gardner disputes the restoration of the chariot group of the Mausoleum recently adopted in the Mausoleum room at the British Museum. Mr. A. G. Bather continues his description of the bronze fragments of the Acropolis, and discusses the plan of the Thersilion at Megalopolis; Mr. V. W. Yorke

describes some new fragments of the balustrade of Athena Niké, discovered by himself; and Mr. W. J. Woodhouse prints a number of inscriptions from Aetolia.

#### REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

ELIZABETHAN.—Wednesday, Jan. 10.)

F. ROGERS, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. A. H. Bullen read a paper on "William Browne, of Tavistock." Browne was born at Tavistock about 1591; but it was impossible to fix the exact date, as the registers for that year are lost. He was connected with several old Devonshire families, particularly the Browns in and around Eylesham. He was educated in Devonshire, proceeded to Exeter College, Oxford, Clifford's Inn, and the Inner Temple, and was in 1615 appointed pursuant to the Courts of Liveries. He was twice married, his first wife dying in 1614. Mr. Bullen supplied some new information regarding his second wife, who was named Timothy, and was second daughter of Sir Thomas Eversfield. Browne married her in 1628, after an engagement of thirteen years; but their only issue was two children, both of whom died in infancy. In 1614 Browne issued the first book of the *Britannia's Pastorals*, dedicating it to Lord Zouch, and including several commendatory poems from Selden, Drayton, Christopher Brooke and others. The second book was published in 1616, was dedicated to William Lord Herbert, and contained congratulatory poems from Davies, Wither, and Ben Jonson. The third part of the *Britannia's Pastorals* did not appear until 1852, when it was printed for the Percy Society from the original MS. Notable among his other works are "The Shepherd's Pipe," two books only of which were published by him, the Inner Temple Masque, and the celebrated Drinking Song alluded to in *Poor Robin's Almanack* (1694), and first printed from the Lansdowne MS. by Mr. Hazlitt, in 1867. His ballad on Lydford still lingers on the country-side, and is mentioned as early as 1630 in Westcott's *Devonshire* as being "sung by every travelling fiddler." Lydford law is to Browne like Jedburgh justice. The songs "Shall I tell you whom I love" and "Venus by Adonis' side" are well known. In 1647 appeared a translation of Le Roy's History of Polixander by one William Browne; but there is no evidence to show whether he was the present author. Browne, after his second marriage, settled near Betchworth and Dorking, apparently with a good competence, and died in or about 1645; but there is no trace of his death or burial in the Surrey registers. He may have been buried at Tavistock, as an entry in the Tavistock register would seem to show. The bulk of Browne's poetry was probably written in youth or in very early manhood. It would be a hopeless task to attempt to disentangle the plot of the *Britannia's Pastorals*, but this very intricacy is one of the charms of the poem. Walpole would, with his eighteenth century standard of judgment, have hardly included it among his "lounging books"; but the sympathetic reader has not far to travel before he lights upon some beautiful and striking passage. The brooks and birds babble and twitter in its printed page not less lively than in that western paradise. His shepherds and shepherdesses sing like the shepherd in the *Arcadia*, as though they would never grow old. We must not look to Browne for the energy and turbulence we find in the great poets, but in him we shall find a true poet of sweet and pleasant pastoral. On the other hand, his fondness for simple, homely images led him sometimes into sheer puerility and a hunting after the most far-fetched and outrageous conceits. Browne's poems have attracted admirers both among the poets of his day and the poets of our own. Sidney and Spenser were his masters; and the "well-languaged David," Michael Drayton, Ben Jonson, Christopher Brooke, and even John Milton wrote eulogies of his verse. To Nathaniel Carpenter, in his *Worthies of Devonshire*, there were "few such swans as he nowadays for harmony." From this Wood has conjectured that Browne had written a history of English poetry which was lost; but at most it can only be supposed that such a thing had been suggested by Browne. Keats and Mrs. Browning have, among modern poets, yielded Browne their meed of



praise. Most of his days were spent at Wilton with the Herberts, that home of the poets; and in all probability the *Elegy on the Countess of Pembroke*, beginning "Underneath this marble hearse," &c., was written by Browne. Whalley, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was the first to attribute it to Ben Jonson, because it had been "universally assigned" to him. On the other hand, there is a second sextain not usually printed which was written by Browne; and Browne himself, in his *elegy on Charles Lord Herbert of Cardiff and Shurland*, claims the authorship in these words:—

"And since my weak and saddest verse  
Was worthy thought thy grandam's hearse,  
Accept of this."

Aubrey prior to Wood gave the *elegy* to Browne in his *Natural History of Wiltshire*—"made by Mr. Browne who wrote the *Pastorals*." It was first printed by Osborne in 1658, and appears in the Trinity College Dublin MS. signed William Browne. It was also included in the MS. of Poems of William Earl of Pembroke, the Countess's son. The old poet that sang so lustily the praises of Devonshire is yet beloved on the banks of the Tavy and the Plym.—A discussion was opened by Mr. Frederick Rogers, and continued by Messrs. Frank Payne, W. H. Cowham, James Ernest Baker, and A. H. Bullen.

#### ASIATIC.—(Tuesday, Jan. 16)

LORD REAY, president, in the chair.—Miss C. A. Foley read a paper on "The Psychological Basis of Buddhist Ethics in the Sixth Century B.C., as illustrated by the Cūla-Vedalla Sutta." This, the "Little Miscellaneous Discourse," is contained in the Majjhima Nikāya, one of the books in the second Pitaka of the Buddhist canon. It consists of a dialogue between Visākha, treasurer to King Bimbisāra, and Dhammadinnā his wife, from whom he had separated himself when converted by Gotama, although he remained a lay disciple. She, emulating her husband's example, but going further, had joined the Buddhist order and attained Arahatsip. Visākha, anxious to learn the state of her mind on her return (for missionary purposes) to his neighbourhood, interviews her by putting a number of questions on more or less knotty points of Buddhist psychology, ethics, and metaphysics. She, answering with ready discernment, finally refers him to Gotama, who sanctions all she has said as equivalent to his own teaching, and proclaims her first among the teachers in his train. Such is the vision given in the Apadāna in Dhammapala's Commentary on the Therīgāthā and in Buddhaghosa's Commentaries on the Anguttara Nikāya and on the Majjhima Nikāya. The thirty-three questions put to Dhammadinnā may be grouped thus: Seven on individuality or personality in its relation to desire, together with current theories on the location of the principle of individuality or soul; four on the eight-fold path of virtuous conduct; three on the Sankhāras; five on the psychology of religious hypnotics; seven on the modes of feeling their interrelations and connexion with immoral bias; seven on mental dispositions as correlated, and Nirvāna as unrelated. The psychological groundwork of character was by the Buddhist conceived as an aggregate of five factors—visible form, feeling, sense, perception, the Sankhāras, and conception of thought. Will does not appear as a prime factor; but as desire or craving is by Dhammadinnā viewed as a resultant of these five Skandhas tending to the persistence of the organic aggregate or individuality. The theories of soul in body, body in soul and the like, characterising Western thought, are all anticipated in the views combated by Gotama who, while opposing in his first sermon the localisation of soul, the Ego, in any one of the five Skandhas, on grounds which seem to identify the Ego with Will, does not there or elsewhere admit the existence of a noumenal principle at all. Still less is the question of free will admitted in Buddhist ethics, nor that of a distinct moral faculty or conscience, nor are the springs of action viewed from the modern standpoint. The psychology of emotion is treated of, under analysis of feeling into pleasurable, painful, and neutral (feeling which is neither pleasurable nor painful). The complex

presentation of these, and the intellectual import of the last as discussed by Visākha and Dhammadinnā, show some parallelism with modern analyses of the same subject by such experts as Profs. Bain, Sully, Höffding, and James.

#### METEOROLOGICAL.—(Annual Meeting, Wednesday, Jan. 17.)

DR. C. THEODORE WILLIAMS, president, in the chair.—The council, in their report, stated that the society had made steady and uninterrupted progress during the year, there being an increase in the number of fellows, and the balance of income over expenditure being greater than in 1892. They also reported that Dr. C. Theodore Williams, previous to vacating the office of president, had expressed a desire for the formation of a fund for carrying out experiments and observations in meteorology, and that he had generously presented to the society the sum of £100 to form the nucleus of a research fund.—Dr. C. Theodore Williams, in his valedictory address, gave an account of the climate of Southern California, which he made most interesting by exhibiting a number of lantern slides. In the autumn of 1892 Dr. Williams visited this favoured region, chiefly with a view of investigating its present and future resources, and its suitability for invalids. After describing the entrance into California from Utah and Nevada, the general geography, and the mountain ranges, he pointed out that the mountain shelter is tolerably complete, and that the protected area consists of (1) valleys, chiefly running into the coast range from the sea and rising to various elevations, such as the fertile San Fernando and San Gabriel valleys; or else (2) more or less extensive plains as those of Santa Ana and San Jacinto. Southern California is subdivided into two portions, eastern and western, by the Sierra Nevada and its spurs, the San Gabriel and San Bernardino mountains. The climate of the eastern portion, which is an arid region, is very dry, very hot in summer and moderate in winter. The climate of the Western portion has three important factors, viz (1) Its southern latitude; (2) the influence of the Pacific Ocean, and especially of the Kuro Suvo current, which exercises a similar warming and equalising influence on the Pacific coast of North America as the Gulf Stream does on the western coasts of the British Isles and Norway; and (3) the influence of mountain ranges, affording protection from northerly and easterly blasts, and also condensing the moisture from the vapour-laden winds blowing from the Pacific. Dr. Williams then gave particulars as to the temperature and rainfall at Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Barbara, and Riverside. From these it appears that the climate of Southern California is warm and temperate, and on the whole equable, with more moisture than that of Colorado; and that it is a climate which would allow of much outdoor life all the year round. The president next described the effect of the climate on vegetation, and showed what results had been obtained by diligent watering and gardening in this beautiful region. Wine and brandy are made in South California, but oranges and lemons are the leading crops, varied with guavas, pineapples, dates, almonds, figs, olives, apricots, plums, and vegetables. On higher land apples, pears, and cherries bear well, and our English summer small fruit is also grown; while strawberries ripen all the year round, and are plentiful, except in July and August. Dr. Williams concluded by saying that many an invalid has regained vigour and health, as well as secured a competence, in the sunny atmosphere of Southern California.—Mr. R. Inwards was elected president for the ensuing year.

#### ARISTOTELIAN.—(Monday, Jan. 22.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. A. Bontwood read a paper on "The Ethical Interpretation of Life and Nature." The aim of the writer was to show that it is impossible for philosophy to give such an interpretation of life and nature as shall satisfy the facts of the moral consciousness, and justify the effort after the moral ideal, unless it passes beyond the domain of pure ethics and becomes distinctively religious. This does not imply that philosophy is to be controlled by theological dogmas arbitrarily introduced

from a source of which philosophy cannot take cognisance, but that the appeal to experience, which all philosophy is bound to make, ought to be widened so as to make it include that particular form of experience which is the ground of religion. The main outlines of such a philosophy were sketched in some detail, and the paper concluded with a reference to St. Thomas Aquinas as the philosopher who had most nearly realised the ideal.—A discussion followed.

#### FINE ART.

##### OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### III.

THIS is not exactly a Sir Joshua year, although his name appears no less than eleven times in the catalogue, and most phases of his art are represented. No one work is shown which reaches the very best that the artist could do in the particular style of which it is an instance. The first canvas in order of date would appear to be the "Portraits of Lady Lepell Phipps and her Son" (S. G. Joseph, Esq.), painted about 1758. There is some questionable drawing in the hands; but the work, though faded, has great charm, and that distinction, so free from self-consciousness, in which the earlier time has the advantage of the later. The "Boy with a Bunch of Grapes" (Sir Charles Tennant) is rich in colour, and unusually sound in condition, but not one of the most enchanting of Sir Joshua's performances of this special class. It is commendably free from the impossible archness of some, but has not the irresistible human quality which delights us in others. The "Portrait of Sir Geoffrey Amherst" (Earl Amherst) was one of four pictures sent to the Incorporated Society in 1766, another being the famous full-length of the Marquis of Granby standing by his horse. The hero of the Canadian campaigns is in appearance just one of those men of action, one of those sturdy, simple Britons, in depicting whom Reynolds had no rival among his contemporaries or in his century. Though from a purely pictorial point of view open to criticism—for the figure is not happily placed in relation to its background or to the canvas generally—it may take rank with, though after, the noble "Lord Heathfield," which is one of Reynolds's latest and yet most vigorous productions of the same order. In striking contrast with this is the "Portrait of the Marquis of Tavistock" (W. Agnew, Esq.), a half-length representing the unfortunate young nobleman who married Sir Joshua's sitter and friend Lady Elizabeth Keppel, and was killed out hunting but a few months after this picture was painted. Not only the conception but the technique is here different: a gentle, manly nature, still further refined by high breeding, is happily suggested, and the handling, the colour, are well adapted to give expression to the painter's thought. It would be interesting to know whether this likeness (painted in 1766) was actually finished before Lord Tavistock's death in March, 1767. So singular is the expression of sadness and disquiet in the eyes of the man upon whom fortune had apparently showered all she had to give, that, if not an afterthought, it must appear a strange premonition—a foreboding on the part of the sitter or unconscious divination on that of the painter. Out of a series of large imposing full-lengths of fashionable ladies we select the most pleasing and most popular, the "Portrait of Mrs. Carnac (Lady Wallace)." This picture, which belongs to the same class as those typical decorative performances, "Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire," and "The Duchess of Rutland," depicts a coldly gracious, smiling, and rather impersonal beauty, wearing white, gold-embroidered robes

and coloured plumes. It is female portraits of this type that cause us to understand how it was that Reynolds's sitters occasionally cried out at the lack of resemblance in their counterfeit presentments.

The series of Gainsboroughs is a very interesting one, and in more than one instance shows him at his best. The "Page" (C. J. Wertheimer, Esq.) is the brilliant sketch of a handsome youth—a sort of "Blue Boy" *en herbe*, but more affected in attitude and less sympathetic in mien. The "Portrait of Miss Haverfield" is the full length of a child fronting the spectator, as sheties the strings of a black cloak worn over a white satin dress. Technically the picture is a brilliant exercise, but as a portrait it lacks the sympathy that Reynolds would, without effort, have been able to impart to such a subject. The "Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. P. Thicknesse" (C. J. Wertheimer, Esq.) is especially interesting as a comparatively early work, painted while the painter was still the chief portraitist of Bath, and as presenting the wife of his patron and friend, Capt. Philip Thicknesse. The conception is as vivacious and characteristic as can well be imagined; but it is obscured rather than helped by the unusual profusion of accessories—the ornate greyish-white gown with multitudinous flounces, the musical instruments, the music books. There is in the rendering of the flesh a curious glassiness, unusual to this degree even in early works, which may have been aggravated by cleaning. The "Portrait of Charles Frederick Abel" (C. J. Wertheimer, Esq.) is a masterpiece of characterisation and vitality, but the colour is not combined into the faultless harmony for which we look in a mature Gainsborough. On the knee of the then famous musician rests his viol di gamba, while under the chair is curled up his pet Pomeranian dog, so often and so superbly painted by the artist. The "Pomeranian Dog and Puppy," which was No. 113 in the Gainsborough exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, gives Abel's pets again in quite incomparable fashion. The master says, however, his last word as a painter in the exquisite "Mrs. Robinson," lent by Lady Wallace, from Manchester House. The fair Perdita, exquisitely dressed, delicately rouged, is seated under a tree; and, mounted by her side, watches, motionless yet eager and panting, another and more wonderful Pomeranian—probably this time the artist's own dog "Fox." The pearly harmony of delicate, half-effaced tones, woven together so as to make a general tone, strong as well as beautiful in its silver radiance, is one in which Gainsborough has never been surpassed.

Delicate and distinguished, but not very strong or personal, is the "Portrait of Master Smith" (Lord Burton) by Francis Cotes, a painter whose quiet, reserved charm has not yet met with the full appreciation which it deserves. As a painter of high-bred Englishwomen, without company airs and graces, or self-consciousness of any kind, he is entitled to a place of his own, even by the side of the greatest.

Best of the Romneys on the present occasion is not the "Lady Hamilton as Sensibility," which is hardly one of the most inspired portraits of the painter's chief divinity, but the brilliant unfinished study "A Harrow Gipsy" (Mrs. Tidswell). The evident enjoyment with which this is painted, the vitality which it still retains, give the piece a rather exceptional character, and lead us to wish that Romney had oftener painted in this fashion, though in doing so he had been compelled to sacrifice something of his classic repose and deliberate grace.

One of the jewels of English landscape art is "The Convent: Twilight" (Corporation of Glasgow), a work such as, unpretending as it is, none of the unfortunate master's contem-

poraries—certainly not the more appreciated Gainsborough—could have produced. This simple view of a convent surrounded by woods, standing out under the mysterious light of a clear evening sky, is a composition of classic beauty and most reposeful charm. The mystery and the melancholy are of the essence of the subject, and not violently imported into it. Here Wilson leans neither on Claude nor on any great artist, but is entirely himself.

This is emphatically an exhibition in which to see and study Turner: the greatest of modern landscape painters has rarely been so nobly represented as an oil painter. "The Trosachs" (James Orrock, Esq.) is a beautiful example of his first manner, sober in colour, but silver with a tremulous grey light: here the dominant note is that solemn quiet which was peculiar to Alexander Cozens; and the influence of Wilson, too, may we think be traced. In "Newark Abbey on the Wey" (same collection), nothing could well be lovelier than the hue of vanishing sunset which still suffuses the rapidly darkening scene; but the composition suffers terribly from the abundance of heterogeneous elements which the painter has not succeeded in fusing into an harmonious whole. The great "Wreck of the 'Minotaur'" (Earl of Yarborough) has very recently been before the public—at the last exhibition at the Guildhall. It is a magnificent show-piece, more imposing in its amplitude and dramatic force than convincing or based on literal truth. Of the Petworth Turners, some have been seen here but a short time ago; but they are so fine and, for the most part, in such fine condition, that their re-appearance is most welcome. The least successful as compositions are the two familiar "Views in the Park, Petworth," while the noblest of the series is "Chichester Canal: Sunset." Turner has not poetised the scene in his usual fashion, by expanding and distorting it so as to express the phase of sentiment of the moment; he has merely steeped it in the ruddy gold of sunset, leaving its simple, quiet beauty undisturbed. The result is a masterpiece, which may favourably compare even with his highest flights of fancy; Nature thus revealed is so infinitely more beautiful than anything that even a Turner can put in her place. As fresh as when it came from the painter's easel is "The Chain Pier, Brighton" (same collection), in which the sky is brightness itself, the wave-modelling wonderfully elaborate, and the swirling movement of the water suggested with consummate skill. It is curious that our two greatest masters of landscape, Turner and Constable, have both done wonders with this most prosaic of subjects, from which artists less sure of themselves might have shrunk.

Etty's "Pluto and Proserpine" (John Rhodes, Esq.) is a typical example of the merits and defects of this artist. Few of our countrymen have been gifted with greater natural capabilities as regards the technical side of the painter's art than Etty: he had the eye of the colourist, the breadth and sweep, the ease of handling, of the true painter. But how incapable he is of building up out of his models and accessories a coherent dramatic whole, of getting away from the atmosphere of the studio and the properties of stage—or, rather, in this instance, the circus! How strongly the taint of vulgarity clings to the whole thing!

George Mason's "Young Anglers" is a true English idyll, in which earth and sky and the human beings enframined in the landscape appear to be inevitably part of one whole. Especially masterly is the group of little rustics fishing in the clear stream, which mirrors the bright yet veiled sky. The lover of Frederick Walker approaches with a certain agitation this typical work of his, "The Plough," on its reappearance here, wondering whether the impression it originally made will deepen or fade. That a certain disillusion is the result is not to be denied, although the charm of Walker's exquisite feeling for distinctively English nature is as penetrating as ever. This conception of the heavy purple-red cloud, resting seemingly on the brow of the cliff, and dominating by its mass the foreground, with the team ploughing in the warm, dim light of approaching evening, appears not less original than before. But the thing is rather attempted than really accomplished. Atmosphere and aerial gradation are, in a great measure, wanting; there is, in many places, a tangle of detail beautiful in itself, but unduly insisted upon; and the classicality of these frieze-like figures of the ploughmen and their team is not a true classicality legitimately evolved from a natural motive by elimination and generalisation, but an arbitrary classicality obtained at some sacrifice of life and truth. Walker, if he had lived, would doubtless have attained to a unity and breadth of style, to a naturalness, as well as grace, in the treatment of the human figure, which are the qualities lacking even in his best pictures. The true painter's touch is much more apparent in a fine landscape, "The End of the Harvest" (John Aitken, Esq.), from the brush of a Scottish painter, George Paul Chalmers, who died in 1878 at the early age of forty-two, and who has not up to the present time been so well remembered as, judging by this example, he deserves. Chalmers has not a tithe of Walker's poetic power or originality, but he triumphs over his material, while the more gifted artist is embarrassed and entangled in his own beautiful conceptions. These remarks, be it said by the way, are not suggested by anything that the two artists have in common, but chiefly by the fact that their landscapes just referred to are placed in immediate juxtaposition to each other.

It was a happy idea to bring together, as has been done in the Water-colour Room, a group of paintings, drawings, and designs by that gifted, yet mannered and incomplete, artist, Thomas Stothard. Hewas a born colourist, with rare gifts in the direction of decorative art, who flourished in the golden prime of the English school, yet did not perhaps live at the time when his peculiar gifts could obtain their fullest development. A sort of latter-day Watteau, with something of the poetry and charm of the original, he affects idylls of artificial sentimentality, scenes from the poets, reminiscences conscious and unconscious of the elder masters. He divines rather than learns some of the secrets of Venetian colour; and if he shares in the mannerism and technical defects of his time, he invests even his faults with a grace which renders his admirers loth to part with them. His finest technical achievement here is the "Diana Sleeping" (Isaac Falcke, Esq.), a Titianesque or rather Giorgionesque motive, painted, however, with a remarkable approach to the peculiar colour-harmonies of a Tintoret. One version of the famous "Canterbury Pilgrims" (Hallam Murray, Esq.) is here; and if we find it difficult to agree with those among his contemporaries who praised the extraordinary accuracy in the drawing of the horses, we may still admire the spirit and humour of the whole, the onward sweep of the gay cavalcade, the bright unpromising hues which so well suit the subject. Composed with unusual skill, and with less than the usual mannerism, is the large canvas "The Children in the Wood" (Sir Chas. Robinson). A charm of sprightliness and humour, with more dramatic power than appears in the oil paintings, is to be noted in the dainty water-colours, especially those dealing with theatrical subjects or illustrating novels. Among things of this kind, too numerous for mention, attention may be called to "Scenes

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from *Clarissa Harlowe*," "Scenes from the *Spectator*," and, above all, "Theatrical Characters," with portrait-studies of noted actors of the time in costume.

The Black and White Room is devoted to the exhibition of a replica set of illustrations to the Book of Job, executed by William Blake in 1821 for the late John Linnell. The discussion of these, as forming a separate and entirely distinct group, having little or nothing in common with the rest of the exhibition, we must reserve for a future occasion.

Gallery V. is devoted to a well-chosen selection from the works of the late John Pettie, who braves an ordeal which might have been deemed especially dangerous to his art with unlooked-for success. That art does not, it is true, appear less narrow than heretofore, or less artificial in its romanticism; but certain technical and other excellencies stand out more strongly than they did when the works were seen successively, and, therefore, without opportunity for comparison with one other. Pettie has breadth and vigour of execution, but no great solidity: strength of tone is attained sometimes at the expense of atmospheric truth. His light is, as a rule, neither frankly artificial nor really natural; his figures appear to circulate in a bright, vitreous medium rather than in true air. What is most curious and characteristic about his talent is that he lives almost wholly in a past of romantic drama—even melodrama. A modern man, in contact with modern humanity, and studying it closely enough for his special purposes, he never, except in portraiture, grapples with his own time, unless it is dressed up in the *dérouge* of another period. What is really his rarest and most artistic quality is the singular truth, the power of suggestion, with which he can represent violent action, swift onward movement, the animal life of the human being in full vigour. Good instances of this are the vigorous "Tussle with a Highland Smuggler"; the study "Disbanded," showing a sinewy Highlander rapidly scaling a snow-covered hillside; and the duel-scene "To the Death," in which the watchful energy of two well-matched and desperate combatants, the muscular tension of their strong limbs, are given with rare truth and skill. Melodrama still, but melodrama of a much higher and more poetic order, is "The Chieftain's Candlesticks"—a legend of Montrose. On either side of the chieftain's chair, now for ever empty, are placed the mighty torchbearers, two magnificent Highlanders, bearing aloft flaming torches, as, with grief stamped on their noble features, they stand solemn and motionless as statues. A great command over varieties of facial expression is displayed in those too purely melodramatic productions "Terms to the Besieged" and "Treason." Genuine humour, of its kind, gives distinctiveness to that popular anecdotic piece, "Ho! ho! ho! Old Noll"; and artistic skill, enjoyable for itself, quite apart from the question of subject, charms us in the canvases called "Late" and "The Time and Place," both of them studies of young cavaliers in seventeenth-century costume.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

BOTTICELLI'S "SPRING."

Bind Head: Jan. 27, 1894.

There is perhaps no great picture whose meaning has been so much debated as the *Primavera* or "Allegory of Spring," by Botticelli, in the Belle Arti at Florence. I believe I have been fortunate enough to decipher the real interpretation of this beautiful work; and I venture to lay my reading of its figures before those who are interested in early Tuscan art.

Let me begin, however, by quoting a few of the current explanations. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are judiciously vague in their identifications.

"The scene," they say, "is a landscape of wood, orchard, and flowery meadow. A man with a winged helmet like a Mercury, scantily draped about the hips, with a sword at his side, and striking down fruit from a tree, offers to the spectator a youthful form in fair movement and proportion. Three females near him (the Graces?) dance on the greensward in the light folds of transparent veils; a fourth (Venus?) stands in rich attire in the centre of the ground; whilst, above them, the blind Cupid flies down with his lighted torch. On the right a flying genius, whose dress flutters in the wind, wafts a stream of air towards a female, in whose hand is a bow and from whose mouth sprigs of roses fall into the garment of a nymph at her side."

This is safe but indefinite; it commits the authors to nothing—and tells the student nothing either.

The invaluable Baedeker follows the commonly received interpretation—the one which appears to be traditional in Florence.

"On the left," he says, "Mercury and the Graces; Venus in the middle; and, on the right, Flora, with a personification of Fertility, and a god of wind."

Rossetti's well-known sonnet embodies essentially the same explanation. I quote the lines which bear upon this subject:

"What masque of what old wind-withered New Year

Honours this Lady? Flora, wanton-eyed  
For birth, and with all flowers pranked and pied:  
Aurora, Zephyrus, with mutual cheer  
Of clasp and kiss: the Graces circling near,  
'Neath bower-linked arch of white arms glorified:

And with those feathered feet which hovering glide  
O'er Spring's brief bloom, Hermes the har-  
binger."

As poetry, this is, of course, most beautiful; but as exegesis, it appears to me to be essentially erroneous. The real explanation, I take it, is as follows. I begin with the personage on the spectator's left.

This figure, described by Crowe and Cavalcaselle as "striking down fruit from a tree," is really engaged in dispelling a mass of clouds which occupy the extreme upper left-hand corner of the composition. These clouds are faint, but still quite distinguishable in the original painting, and are very well brought out in the chromolithographic reproduction by the Arundel Society. The figure bears in his hands a caduceus, with which he drives away the mists of winter; his feet are winged; I take him for Favonius. Probably the hint was derived from the familiar Horatian line, "Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni."

The next three figures are admitted on all hands to be the Graces; the "Gratie decentes" of the same ode of Horace.

The central figure, commonly called Venus, is really Spring. She is represented as pregnant, because spring is the budding season of the year. Over her head hovers a winged Amor, with a fire-tipped dart, because "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." But I earnestly hope no Smelfungus will accuse me on this account of imagining that Botticelli was in the habit of reading Tennyson.

It is clearly the three figures on the right, however, which form the crux of the composition; and by its success in dealing with them any attempted interpretation must stand or fall. For a long time they puzzled me. At last, one day, as I sat in front of the picture, it came upon me with a flash; they are the three spring months, March, April, May, appropriately represented by allegorical figures.

The year begins, of course, after the old fashion, with March, to the extreme right of the composition. He is cold and blue; his limbs are scantily draped; his movements are hurried; where he passes through the orange-grove, the trees of the background, elsewhere quite still, are bent and bowed before him. He blows a gust of wind from his puffed-out mouth upon April, just in front of him.

April, though still hasty, is less rapid than March. She is draped, but lightly, from head to foot. Her upper half is clad in fleecy white cloud; her lower limbs are girt by pale blue sky—a most characteristic piece of symbolism. Moreover, the upper portion of her thin robe is plain white; the lower is dappled with green herbs, just sprouting, but not yet in blossom. This seems to indicate the first half of April as still wintry, while the second half is the time of reviving vegetation. But from April's mouth, under the breath of March, flowers are issuing, which drop into the lap of May in front of her. This would seem to suggest that

"March winds and April showers,  
Bring forth May flowers."

I cannot learn whether there exists any Tuscan equivalent for this our English proverb; but if some correspondent can supply that missing link, I shall be glad to hear from him.

April seems as if escaping from the hands of March into the arms of May. It is possible that the way March clutches her retiring figure may enclose an allusion to the old idea that March borrows three days from April.

Last of all we have May herself, erect and smiling, clad from head to foot in a flowery robe, and with flowers springing more abundantly beneath her heel than anywhere else in the dappled foreground.

The contrast between the three months is very striking—March, boisterous and blustering; April, gentle and shrinking; May, sedate and quiet:—March, hurrying rapidly; April, swift, but not flurried; May, calm and queen-like:—March, cold and almost nude; April, warmer and lightly draped; May, fully clad in a rich robe of bloom, and with her lap full of posies—most like double anemones. (But if so, Botticelli errs in giving them a green calyx.) Every touch, I believe, has its allegorical meaning.

It almost looks as if this picture were one of four panels representing the Four Seasons; and I would venture to suggest that each most probably contained in the centre the season it represented—Spring, Summer, Autumn, or Winter; that on one side stood the three months which compose each season; and that the other may have been filled by appropriate accessory figures, like the Graces and Favonius. It also seems to me likely that the *Primavera* occupied the first place on the wall to the right of the entrance door, so that the figure of March greeted the spectator on entering. After it may have come Summer, probably with its three component months also on the right, and allegorical figures to the left of the composition. These two pictures may have occupied the right-hand wall of the room; the two others may have faced them on the left—with the component months at the opposite side, as if retreating. For example, Winter might have had on the right allegorical figures (say Boreas and Satyrus); and on the left, as if retiring towards the door, the successive figures of December, January, and February.

Did Botticelli ever paint any more of the series, for Cosimo de' Medici's villa at Castello, or elsewhere? Has any fragment of any companion piece survived? The general tone of the composition in the *Primavera* closely resembles Botticelli's "Birth of Venus," in the Uffizi, also from the Castello villa. Has this picture anything to do with the series of the Seasons?

The explanation of the *Primavera* here

suggested seems to me to be so clear that I can hardly believe it has not hitherto struck some other observer. Yet I cannot find a hint of it in any book at my disposal. If it is not novel, I apologise for publishing it: my excuse must be that, so far as I am concerned, it is at least original. I have detailed my identification of the figures to several persons interested in the picture, both artists and men of letters, and found in every case it was alike new to them and accepted by them as a satisfactory interpretation. Hence I am emboldened to suggest it thus publicly for the opinion of experts.

GRANT ALLEN.

#### THREATENED DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE OF PHILAE.

Strathern House, Crief, N.B.: Jan. 31, 1894.

I notice that the projects for the construction of reservoirs in the Nile have been completed, and that the Under Secretary for Public Works in Egypt admits that the Aswân Shallâl or Cataract site is the best and most economical of those proposed. He recognises the objection caused by the unavoidable inundation of the temple at Philae, but suggests that the temple might be removed, and built on the adjacent island.

I would earnestly call the attention of the archaeological world to this "unavoidable" act of vandalism. It is not enough to say that a committee of three engineers from England, France, and Italy has been appointed to study the question: they were not sent in the interests of art, but to study the stability of the great dam. I do not wish for a moment to suggest that these three eminent hydraulic engineers are themselves vandals. Yet it is well known that engineers, when swayed by the interests of their calling, do not take into consideration the art side of the question; and it is not to them that we would naturally turn when we wish to preserve a world-famous monument, but to men of taste and archaeological knowledge. I hope that a protest will be lodged in the proper quarter against this act, which will cast a slur on the English in Egypt.

Though the expense would, no doubt, be greater, I am still of opinion that water held back up to the plinth of the temple of Philae, supplemented by another dam higher up the river, would accomplish what is wanted in the way of supply. Two dams will be much safer than one, and the celebrated temple will be spared.

JUSTIN C. ROSS

(Late Inspector-General of Irrigation Egypt).

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

The following exhibitions open next week: the thirty-third annual exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts; a loan collection of drawings by modern Dutch masters—including Josef Israëls, James Maris, A. Mauve, and Bosboom—at the galleries of Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons, in the Haymarket; and a collection of Japanese lacquer and metal work, at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, in Savile-row, which will remain on view until the end of March.

VISCOUNT DILLON has been appointed a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, in the room of the Hon. Edward Stanhope.

LAST Saturday (January 27) was the seventieth anniversary of the birth of Josef Israëls, upon whom the Queen Regent of the Netherlands has conferred the newly founded order of Orange Nassau.

EVERYONE knows how much Méryon saw—and made the student of his etchings see—in

that particular devil, outside Notre Dame, which bears the name of "Le Stryge." "Cruelty, lust, hypocrisy"—these were but a part of the vices which the greatest imaginative artist in pure "black and white" whom we have had since Dürer, managed to read into, or managed to find in, the demon of stone that gazes and gloats over Paris. The attentions of Mr. Pennell, in the series of clever pen drawings which he shows at Mr. Dunthorne's, have not been concentrated altogether upon Méryon's favourite fiend. Mr. Pennell's wider sympathies have embraced many devils. Yet he has not neglected this ever living and potent one that fascinated Méryon, almost as much as did the exquisite beauty of the main lines of the great church. And, like the artist who has preceded him—except that in the slang of the moment, he has "done one better"—Mr. Pennell, an admirable draughtsman with not the most flexible of instruments, has taken note, in many of his drawings, of the Paris that lies below and beyond the devils of Notre Dame. The drawings are to a great extent original in method as well as interesting in theme; and for a while they reconcile us to some delay in the publication of those etchings which Messrs. Boussois, Valadon & Co. some time since announced as "in leisurely preparation."

At the Goupil Gallery there is on view, for a while, the really fine collection of Japanese prints which was formed by that interesting critic and agreeable connoisseur, M. Théodore Duret. There is already, we suspect, a little abatement in the rage with which, but a few years ago, everything Japanese was sought for; but if the collector has become more discriminating, and knows that to much of Japanese production there cannot be accorded that long life and never-failing attractiveness which belongs to Classic and Renaissance design—that much of it, indeed, is as surely doomed to die as the work of the schools of Blake and the Pre-Raphaelites—that is only another reason for appreciating those finer examples of what the Japanese really did admirably well, in which this collection distinctly abounds. All the best masters of Japanese engraving in colours are well represented at the Goupil Gallery, where Hokusai rubs shoulders with Utamaro, and Kiyonaga faces Toyokuni.

#### THE STAGE.

##### STAGE NOTES.

ARGUMENTS for alterations in the laws of the land—the marriage laws included—are, as we know, often feebly based upon individual cases, with a supposed grievance. This is nearly always a mistake: the pleas indeed, when so based, can scarcely expect to be cogent. But in Mr. Gattie's new play, "The Transgressor," at the Court, even the individual instance is singularly ill-chosen. If ever a man deserved to be set free from the tie of marriage, by reason of his wife's apparently lasting insanity, it certainly is not the gentleman who bears the name of Langley in the piece at the Court Theatre. Sylvia, who in the lifetime of Langley's wife, he falsely married, is, when she discovers the facts, willing to remain with him in her true office as his mistress—which may be a piece of self-denial on her part, but which is a good deal more likely to be one of the very numerous cases of the subtle hypocrisy of self-indulgence sailing under the colours of self-denial. Whichever it is, it is no argument for the relaxation of the marriage law as it stands to-day. The polemical drama, to be successful, must be conducted with greater strength. Only emasculate men and undesirably passionate or sentimental women can really be affected

by pleas like these. Mr. Gattie has done his best, no doubt; and in the future we believe it likely he will do better. Meanwhile, he must be thankful to Miss Olga Nethersole—who, since her very first appearance in "The Dean's Daughter," we think, has failed in nothing—for giving whatever vitality it has to the present performance at the Court. Certainly Mr. Gattie may be credited with having provided the lady with a strong part, though not a wholly sympathetic one. But—just Heavens!—what a use she makes of it! with a performance refined yet forcible, expressive yet restrained! Miss Nethersole is an artist, and a young woman who, by her work, does justice to her gifts. She is keenly and immediately intelligent; and her personality has what the great Aimée Desclées had, a quarter of a century ago—mobility not too obvious, and yet infinitely varied. May she rise to the heights of that most subtle mistress of her art! She gives fair promise of doing so.

THE Playgoers Club, in its festivity of last Sunday evening, must have had a good time of it. The speech of Mr. Pinero was serious and humane, as well as witty. The speech of Mr. Tree—excellently delivered, as we cannot doubt—had real, if somewhat heavily loaded humour. The speeches of Mr. Jope-Slade, the president—a valued dramatic critic, unreported, alas! in the only morning paper we had access to—are certain to have constituted admirable instances of government by epigram. And the Playgoers Club deserved all these privileges; for though it can scarcely avoid numbering among its members some who seek at its meetings an outlet for opinions not elsewhere smiled upon, it is, in the main, broad and sensible in its sympathies, and has made itself a very substantial factor in the London theatre-going life of the period.

#### MUSIC.

##### MUSIC NOTES.

THREE of Shakspeare's Sonnets (Nos. 29, 99, and 18), set to music by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, were sung at the last Monday Popular Concert. The composer was in serious mood when he selected these poems, which will bear with no trifling. He has endeavoured throughout to accentuate, and in a dignified manner, the spirit of the words. Of the three, the middle one, "The Forward Violet," seems to have best inspired him. The interpreter, Mr. A. Oswald, sang carefully and intelligently, but his voice was not sufficiently sympathetic. The accompanist, Mr. H. Bird, deserves a word of praise, although an orchestra were needed to reveal the full meaning of the music. A pleasing "Highland Ballad," for violin, also by Dr. Mackenzie, was charmingly played by Lady Hallé; here again the pianoforte, substituted for the original orchestral accompaniment, proved unsatisfactory. Mr. L. Borwick played the complete set of Schumann's "Fantasietücke" (Op. 12). His tone was somewhat cold in the first two numbers, but the reading of the rest was admirable, as regards both technique and feeling. Mr. Borwick attracts by his simple and earnest manner, and his resolute determination to refuse the encore deserves praise. The performance of Brahms's Quintet in G (Op. 111), under the direction of Lady Hallé, was extremely fine, especially in the two middle movements; the work represents the composer in one of his ripest moods. The programme concluded with Beethoven's Sonata in A (Op. 12, No. 2) for pianoforte and violin, to which Mr. Borwick and Lady Hallé rendered full justice.



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